Silver Screen

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England



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PERIODICAL DIVISION

Clark Gable
and
Vivien Leigh

OW TO BRING OUT THE CLARK GABLE IN ANY MAN!

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

LISTERINE— QUICK!



THIS prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Eight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

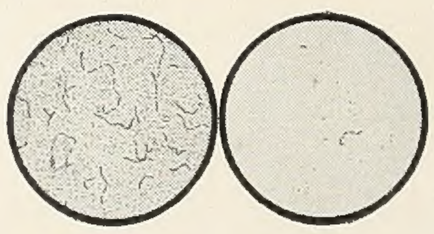
This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started? Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*



BEFORE AFTER

NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



• *New "two-faced" coat—beige Teddy Bear cloth on one side, bright Scotch plaid on the other.*

Her "Teddy Bear" Coat caught his Eye— but her Lovely Smile captured his Heart!



Your smile is your prize possession—it's yours alone! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.

THE RIGHT KIND of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go!"

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is *you*—lose it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

Never Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need. He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as attractive and lovely as it can be.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JAN -2 1940

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

FEBRUARY, 1940

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER FOUR

Silver Screen

LESTER C. GRADY
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

LENORE SAMUELS
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

Don't you get awfully sick of Glamour Girls and all their frou-frou and chichi and darling this and darling that? I must say that when I am choleric and not sufficiently alkaline, which invariably happens when Whimsey Peter doesn't even show in the third at Santa Anita, I have a hard time sitting supine and letting them get away with all that phoney baloney. Some day Miss Poopsie-Pie is going to find herself flat on her face, and I'm going to find myself on a train going East. But there is one Glamour Girl who never gives me any trouble. Ann "Maisie" Sothern. When I have that squeamish feeling inside and just can't take any more artificiality I always go running to Ann. She's a swell person, with a grand sense of humor, and right down to earth. Pretty, too.

So when I had "Visiting Firemen" to show around recently I told them I had an extra special treat for them and took them over to the "Congo Maisie" set to meet Pretty Miss Ann. When we reached the set we found Ann covered from the tip of her shoes to her ears in mud, dirty, filthy, slimey mud. "Mercy, Ann," I whispered. "I told them you were a down-to-earth girl, but don't you think you're overdoing it a bit?" Ann wiped a hand on page ten of the script and shook hands all around. "Believe it or not," I said, "she really is a Glamour Girl." The Visiting Firemen weren't so sure.

"I look a mess," said Ann, and no one contradicted her. "I'm so dirty," she wailed, the mud oozing down her arms and legs, "that I don't think even Roger would love me now. But John Carroll loves me. He has to. It's in the script."

The bell rang, Director Hank Potter called "Camera" and my lovely Glamour Girl whom I was going to take such pride in showing off to my guests, began to *wallow* in a mud hole. She dunked herself five times, for a long shot, two mediums, and two close-ups. She got drippier and drippier and dirtier and dirtier. Frank Tanner, the still man, muttered that never in all his years as a photographer had he seen a movie star go back in a mud hole twice—it seems that you have to lasso them to get them in once. Finally, Ann sneezed so the director gave her time out to dry off for a few moments before the next take.

"You'll die of pneumonia," said one of the tourists with alarm.

"I've got rubber panties on," said Ann. "I feel like Baby Sandy." She sloshed away to her dressing room with a parting remark to me. "I'm not doing this for Art," she said, "I'm doing it for money. You can quote me." Well, I always said she was a down-to-earth girl.

Liza

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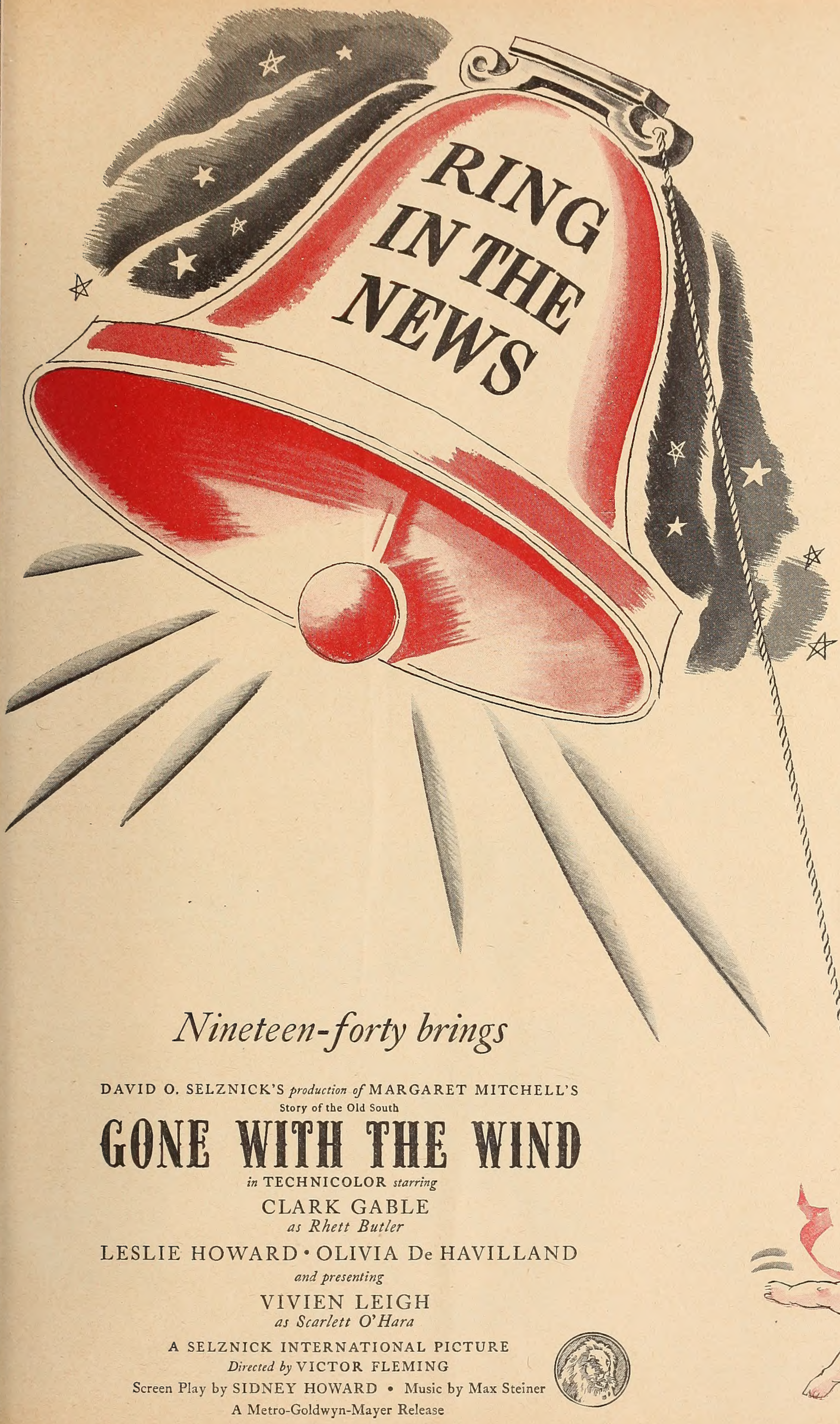
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COVER PORTRAIT OF CLARK GABLE AND VIVIEN LEIGH BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



Nineteen-forty brings

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S *production of* MARGARET MITCHELL'S
Story of the Old South

GONE WITH THE WIND

in TECHNICOLOR *starring*

CLARK GABLE
as Rhett Butler

LESLIE HOWARD • OLIVIA De HAVILLAND
and presenting

VIVIEN LEIGH
as Scarlett O'Hara

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING
Screen Play by SIDNEY HOWARD • Music by Max Steiner
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release





Above: During an early Sunday morning rehearsal for the radio program of the Screen Guild Theatre, Joan Crawford stretches off on the floor for a nap. *Right:* Ann Sheridan visits Paul Whiteman at the Hotel New Yorker and shows how well she likes his music. *Lower right:* Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Stewart are a twosome. *Below right:* Frolicsome Muriel Angelus has a spill.





Hollywood Earfuls

The up-and-up on the lowdown of what's being whispered around!

A VERY lucky young man is young John Arledge. Five years ago John acted in a picture for Frank Borzage. That director was so pleased with John's work that he promised to use him whenever possible. John worked in six Borzage pictures. Then came a time when there just weren't any parts. John got so discouraged he was on the point of pulling up stakes and going home to Texas. Then his phone rang. It was Frank Borzage calling in person. He was starting "Strange Cargo," with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. There was a part for John that would run three weeks. John unpacked his bags, then went to church and said an extra prayer for Frank Borzage.

The Fred MacMurrays saved a lot of money on Christmas presents this year. In his work shop at home, Fred made Backgammon boards. He even carved the dice cups out of leather and burned on a design. Fred also made beautiful leather belts. For Bob Taylor he made a special wide western belt, complete with monogrammed buckle and studded stones.

Ever since John Beal proved he could do a sensational impersonation of Bob Hope, he has been the life of every party. When John was signed to do "Cat and the Canary" at Paramount, a mutual friend tipped Hope off. The first day on the set John felt strange and self-conscious. When they called Bob Hope for his first scene, Bob remained seated and cracked. "You might as well let Beal play my part, too. They tell me he's better as *me*, than *I* am as myself!" John's face turned so red it showed through his makeup. Now he swears he'll never try to impersonate another actor again.

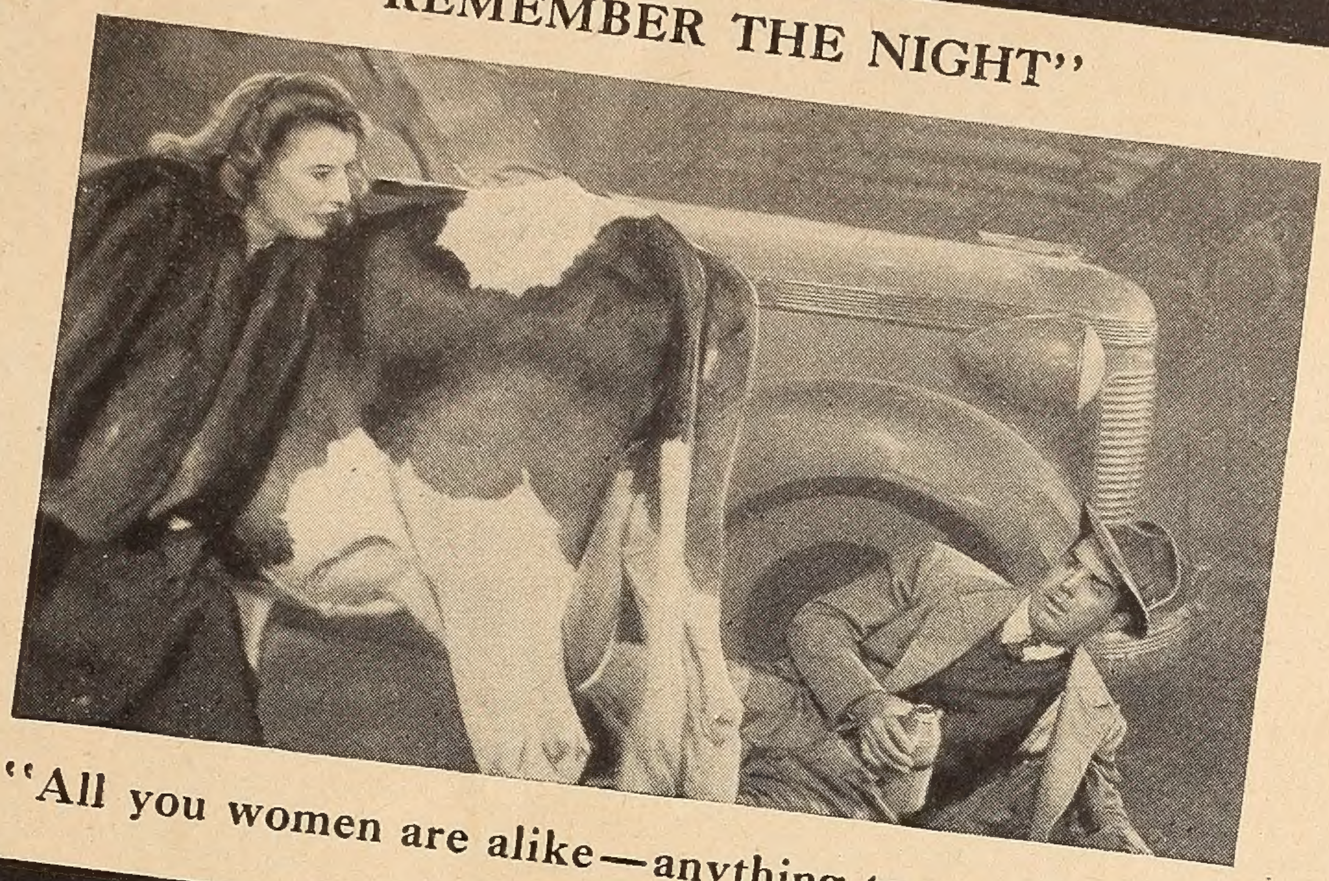
Lucky is little Patrick Wayne to have Loretta Young for a God-mother. This makes the third child born to the John Waynes, who were married in the garden of Loretta's beautiful Bel-Air home. Loretta was also matron of honor at the wedding—which makes it look like Loretta has a steady job with the Waynes for all family occasions.

Here is still another story to prove what a recluse the one and only Garbo really is. The little stenographers on the MGM lot never get a chance to see the famous star, as her sets are always closed. So on Saturday afternoons the girls go over to the Jones Health Food Store in Beverly Hills. Garbo always comes in there to buy her supply [Continued on page 13]

BAD GIRL—  GOOD GUY—GREAT PICTURE!!!

Only Mitchell ("Man About Town") Leisen could direct a scene like this.

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"All you women are alike—anything to upset a guy."

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"Know why you've looked at me the way you have, danced with me the way you have, kissed me the way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."

"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

Only Preston ("Strictly Dishonorable") Sturges could write a scene like this.

Only Barbara ("Union Pacific") Stanwyck and Fred ("Honeymoon in Bali") MacMurray could bring you such a love story!



Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali"...Explosive as "Midnight"...Romantic as "Love Affair"

with **BEULAH BONDI**

Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges

Of Course,

IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!

Romance



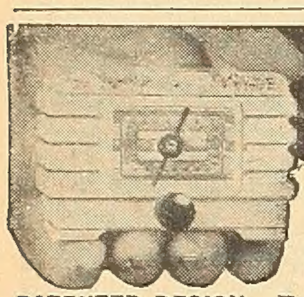
..STARTS WITH Gleaming Lustrous Hair!

Rinse those beautiful highlights into your hair with Nestle Colorinse. Notice how it makes dull, drab-looking hair radiant and lustrous. Not a dye or a bleach . . . Colorinse is so simple to use. Washes away soap shampoo film...leaves your hair soft and manageable. Choose your own color from the Nestle Color Chart at toilet goods counters.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses at 10¢ stores

25¢ for five rinses at drug and department stores.





NOW! World's Smallest Real Performing RADIO
BEAUTIFUL — PLASTIC — CABINETS

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust — **NO UPKEEP** — only one moving part. TUBELESS, BATTERYLESS! **ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN.** Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Sent complete ready to listen with instructions and Tinyphone for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M.O., Cash) and yours will be sent complete postpaid. A most unusual value. ORDERNOW! **MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. SC-2, Kearney, Nebr.**

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Tips on Pictures

What to see and what to miss!

AT THE CIRCUS *(MGM)*—Good. The Three Marx Brothers—Groucho, Chico and Harpo—are starred in this hilarious hodge-podge of circus life. Kenny Baker owns the circus, but needs $10,000 to keep it going, a sum which the brothers immediately try to obtain for him with some very amusing results. Florence Rice and Kenny furnish the romantic interest, while Eve Arden is in for some swell laughs.

BABES IN ARMS *(MGM)*—Fine. All those wise guys who say that Youth isn't getting a break today should see this delightful comedy with music in which the young offspring of out-moded vaudevillians get their careers started in pretty breezy fashion. There are some fine, lilting tunes, good dancing, some priceless imitations AND Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Charles Winninger and June Preisser.

BIG GUY, THE *(Universal)*—Good. A meaty melodrama, with a prison background, that packs a terrific wallop. Jackie Cooper does fine work as the innocent lad who is so eager for an education he gets himself hopelessly involved in a nasty prison break. And Victor McLaglen is equally effective as the guard who later becomes warden. Edward Brophy brings some much needed laughs and Ona Munson is good as Vic's wife.

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE *(20th Century Fox)*—Fair. Cesar Romero continues in the role of the romantic outlaw made so popular by Warner Baxter, and acquits himself nobly. The plot is familiar, of course, just another variation of the Robin Hood theme. (*Marjorie Weaver and Virginia Field.*)

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN *(Universal)*—Fine. Marlene Dietrich switches from Glamour Girl to Frontier Woman in one easy stride of those celebrated legs. As the hard-boiled entertainer in a saloon, she captivates us once again with her songs, just as she astonishes us with the vital manner in which she pulls out Una Merkel's hair during a fist fight. This western has plenty of "guts," and you'll especially like Jimmy Stewart as the soft-hearted deputy sheriff. (*Charles Winninger and Mischa Auer.*)

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK *(20th Century-Fox)*—Excellent. Like *Allegheny Uprising*, this film harks back to pioneer days when the Indians and the British both were making the Amer-



Brian Donlevy gets a bit of charming from the voluptuous Marlene Dietrich in Universal's "Destry Rides Again."

Priscilla Lane in a night club scene from Warners' "The Roaring Twenties," in which James Cagney also appears.





Walter Connolly and Mary Martin in "The Great Victor Herbert," a musical triumph for Paramount Pictures.

ican colonists' lives more than a trifle uneasy. Photographed in Technicolor this is lovely to look at, as well as possessing a gripping story and lusty action. Topping the cast are Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda and Edna May Oliver.

FLYING DEUCES, THE *(RKO)*—Amusing. The incomparable team of Laurel and Hardy are at it again in a slapstick comedy about two fish peddlers vacationing in Paris who decide to join the Foreign Legion. There are hilarious sequences, especially the one where Hardy gets Laurel to join him in a suicide pact. Lovely Jean Parker and Reginald Gardiner supply the romantic touches.

GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE *(Paramount)*—Charming. All lovers of Victor Herbert's melodious light operatic songs will have a field day when they see this story woven around his theatrical life. We would have liked to know a little more of his personal life, but, after all, his enchanting music speaks for him. Mary Martin, a newcomer who made a hit last year singing "May Heart Belongs to Daddy," is lovely in the leading role opposite Allan Jones. Susanna Foster, who plays her 14-year-old daughter, is going to receive a lot of cheers. Walter Connolly is perfect in the title role.

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE *(20th Century-Fox)*—Good. In which fact and fiction are pleasantly mixed. Filmed in Technicolor, it is more than pleasing to the eye, and should delight all movie fans who are interested in films from the pie-throwing Mack Sennett silent days up to the beginning of the talkies. (*Alice Faye and Don Ameche.*)

INFORMATION, PLEASE *(RKO)*—Excellent. One of the most interesting quiz programs on the radio, one that has captured the attention of the intelligentsia, so-called, as well as the great masses, has been transferred successfully to the screen for the second time in this short, with the radio cast intact. . . . Clifton Fadiman, as master of ceremonies, and John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams and Oscar Levant as the question-answerers. Rex Stout, the author, makes a charming guest.

INTERMEZZO *(Selznick)*—Excellent. A highly sophisticated screen story serves as the introduction to American films of Sigrid Bergman, the new Swedish challenge to Garbo. Leslie Howard plays the

[*Continued on page 12*]

Don't label yourself all winter long—



Underarms always perspire — even in Winter!
To avoid offending, make a daily habit of MUM!

NO MATTER how cold it is outdoors, it's *Summer* under your arms. For underarms can, and do, perspire all year 'round. In winter as in summer, you need Mum!

Don't be deceived because you see no visible moisture. Chances of offending others . . . of being tagged as "unattractive"—are often actually *worse* in winter, for then indoor living and warmer clothes make penetrating odors cling.

So don't label yourself . . . don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant . . . in summer and in *winter,* too. You'll find Mum . . .

SO QUICK! In 30 seconds you're through, yet you're *completely protected.*

SO SAFE! Mum holds the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. And Mum never irritates your skin.

SO SURE! You can *rely* on the protection of a daily dab of Mum. And Mum doesn't stop perspiration itself (one reason why thousands of *men* have the Mum habit, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today.

WOOLENS ARE A TRAP FOR ODOR! PLAY SAFE



Important to You—
Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Bud Westmore, *Beauty Expert at 20th Century-Fox, applies Westmore foundation cream for* Brenda Joyce.

BRENDA JOYCE *(20th Century-Fox Star)*
gets a WESTMORE make-up!

This wonderful foundation cream is the "star" of the Westmore cosmetics line. Used by Hollywood stars for both screen and street wear, because it is *one* essential part of perfect make-up. It's lasting, water-proof, covers up tired shadows. Gives you a lovely, lively look in day or evening light. In four youthful glowing tones, with powder to match. At drug, department, and variety stores. 25¢, 50¢ sizes.

GET PERC WESTMORE'S MAKE-UP GUIDE Has measuring wheel to show you your face type. Tells how to make up each type for greatest glamour. If not on sale near you send 25¢ to House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. F-2, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City.



House of WESTMORE Inc.
HOLLYWOOD



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

When Wintry Winds Blow—

They always bring problems—especially skin problems. Here are the answers to the questions probably confronting you at this very moment

By Mary Lee

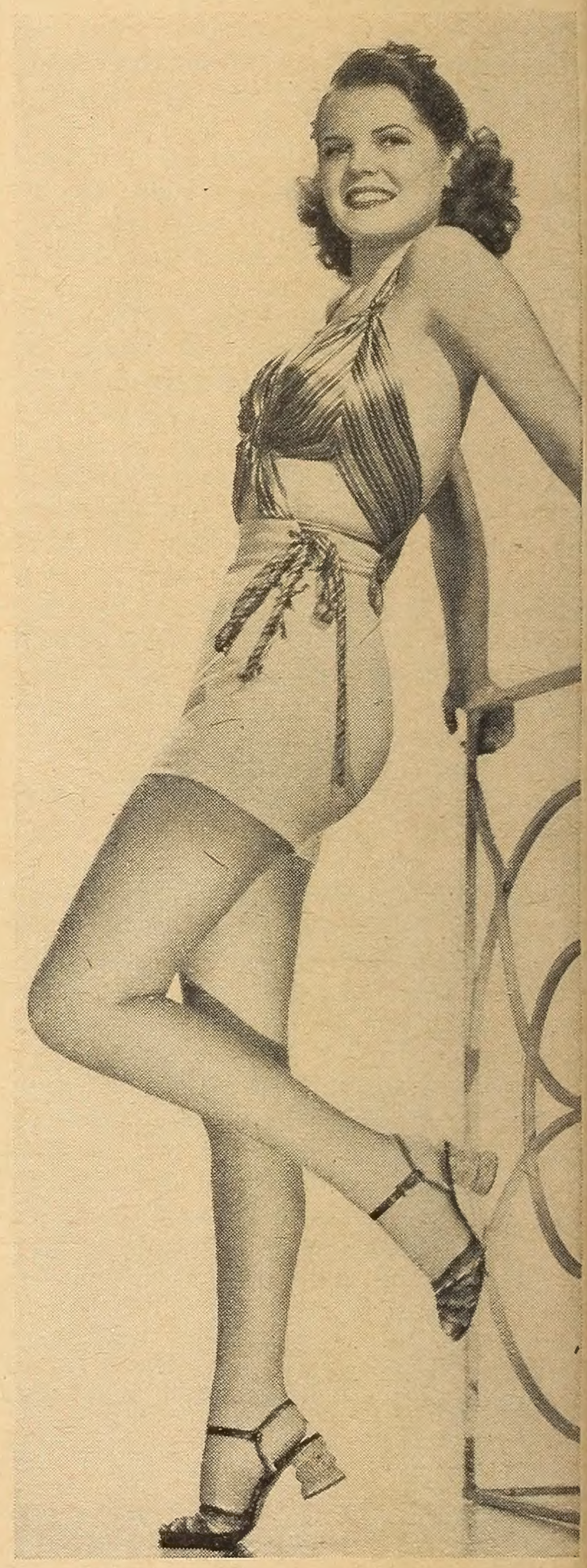
WINTER skin should be beautiful! Brisk winds can whip a color to the cheeks that no rouge can duplicate; a diamond-clear atmosphere with a brilliant sun dancing on snow can reflect a sparkle in eyes equalled by love's light alone. But, alas, this is an ideal, a castle in the air, indeed. The more general situation is that skin is either dry, roughened and taut, or it has a listless, bogged-down look, slightly off in color and texture.

Extremes in weather cause definite skin reactions. And though you may truthfully attribute many skin dilemmas to wind and cold, you can attribute more to dry, indoor heating. Compare the time you spend outdoors now with the time you spend indoors, and then you will understand that good, rousing cleansing, lubrication and protection should play a twenty-four hour role, and not be reserved for special occasions.

Not long ago, I met Ruth Terry at a gay cocktail party in her honor. One look at Ruth left two lasting impressions—her fine skin, so clear, so pink and white, so young and soft, and her round grey-blue eyes, again so clear, shining and full of the joy of li ing. Talks with these younger players always bring to light the two important factors of physical beauty—good health and good, simple care of themselves. Ruth, like practically all the Hollywood actresses, uses cream *and* soap and water on her skin. But her skin beauty attests that she goes a little beyond just superficial, usual cleansing. You gather that she cleanses frequently; you gather, also, that when she washes her face, she *washes* it, that if she uses cream, she uses it with more than just a quick dab on and a quick half-way removal. There is the situation in a nutshell—how you use your preparations. If you would like to know more on this subject, drop me a card or a line, and I will have sent to you a grand little book—a simple, clear exposition of good skin care. This is without cost, of course. Just let me know that you'd like to have it.

Our popular brands of soap do a fine cleansing job, and I don't think you can get along without them, interspersed with the use of cream. But balance this use; work out your own program. For many, this will mean a sousing soap cleansing at night, followed by a lubricating cream, and the use of a cleansing cream in the morning and throughout the day, as you renew make-up. Once you work out your own program, you're on the way to better skin.

Aside from the good products that most of us know, there are many "specials," ideally suited to specific conditions. Among them are the Kay Special Colloidal Sulphur Soap. Colloidal sulphur is a helpful corrective in the treatment of surface eruptions, and for skins that break out and misbehave, I think you're going to find this soap *the* thing. The lather is



Ruth Terry, latest Walter Wanger find, leaves two lasting impressions—her fine skin and her round grey-blue eyes.

thick and creamy, the soap is mild, in hard, convenient-size cakes that last a long time. You'll find this soap at your favorite toilet goods counter; or let me know, if you don't. This soap is made by the maker of Kay Formula 301, which helps restore beauty and smoothness to skins marred by blackheads, eruptions and other such annoyances. You can use it as a powder base, and thus it does its fine work constantly. The soap and formula make an excellent pick-up treatment for those skins I mentioned—off color and off fine texture.

If you're just a "dry," then my first suggestion is a good, animated cleansing, followed by a rich lubricating cream. Elmo Special Formula Cream is a good friend in this case. You can almost feel it softening and smoothing, and I heartily recommend it where a good lubricant is needed. It is especially designed as a super-lubricant, and I think it is just that.

For those who like a cold cream, there is Sitroux Cold Cream that made its debut last year, along with Sitroux Finishing Cream. Both creams are made of the purest oils, and I find this Cold Cream ideal as a cleanser, because of its nice, light texture, and a fine softener when applied at night. In fact, one jar will serve these two purposes. You will find both creams in your chain stores, reasonably priced.

You can use quantities of any kind of good lubricant, cream or lotion, over large areas of yourself in winter and benefit immensely thereby in beauty and comfort. Use your face cream, or a special eye cream, if you prefer, generously about your eyes at night. Every facial expression, every smile or frown "works" this tender skin about your eyes, and the drier it is, the more prone to little lines that in time become wrinkles. The neck is another part that weathers badly. How disappointing to see a fresh, smooth face, but a lined, coarse and darker-toned neck. Sweep up and down, with hand palms covered with cream or lotion, from collarbone to jawbone, and leave some lubricant on over-night.

Now hand cream or lotion is no luxury. You can get the finest for a song, yet how many neglect its use. But, as you probably know, when you begin to analyze any girl who isn't popular, or lovely, or in-demand by the boys, you can check off one by one the little personal neglects that build, in total, unattractiveness. Modern hand emollients are so easy to use. Application takes a few seconds; they disappear; they aren't sticky and they don't get in your way. They do, however, give skin a soft moist quality, one secret of preventing dryness. If you are one of the good girls who uses a hand preparation regularly, then extend its use. Use it all the way up your arms to your elbows, rubbing extra in there. Use it, in extreme weather, from ankles and over knees, if you want soft, fair skin to glimmer through your sheers. And any time your body skin feels dry, after a nice, warm bath, a palmful or two rubbed over your entire body makes you feel oh so good and silky and soft, as you drift off to sleep. Pump-roughened heels and chapped insteps respond well to this treatment, too. By way of news, if you like Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, then you might

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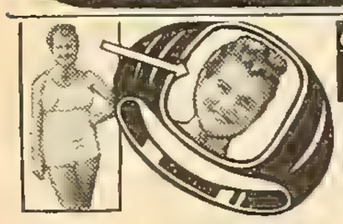
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like to know this old favorite has a partner now, Hinds Hand Cream, in a jar, made expressly for those who prefer a cream in a jar, including all the nice qualities of the original Hinds.

A great believer in keeping skin, indeed nails, brows and lashes, well lubricated is lovely, blonde Jane Wyman. Blondes are more often dry types than brunettes. Jane is a faithful user of cream, and she offers this extra thought: "Don't try to patch up your make-up when it has lost its freshness. Instead, start all over by removing every trace with cream, and carefully removing the cream with tissues." Every girl should replace her make-up at least once daily, preferably twice. Jane keeps her nails beautifully groomed by applying cuticle oil on fingertip and gently moulding back cuticle with the soft finger pad. If you follow this practice nightly, you'll be surprised at what a beautiful manicure you can do, because there's no hard or roughened cuticle to worry you. When Jane is all made-up and ready to go, she does this: she dips an eyelash brush in mineral oil and then she brushes her lashes to remove any particles of powder. This is very effective on lashes *sans* mascara, as it makes them shine and appear darker. While on the subject of lashes, let me remind you of an excellent mascara, Camille Cream Mascara, which you will find in your chain stores. A tube and brush are compactly fitted into a cunning pink and black plastic case, just the right size to snuggle in your bag. You know the magic that lies in mascara—of all accents, except lipstick, nothing makes a greater instant change. Camille Mascara is pure and harmless, and you will like the silky sheen it gives your lashes.

So far, our beauty thoughts are all for waking you up and keeping you soft and smooth against drying winds and atmosphere. This condition is the very beginning of glamour, of course—soft, lovely skin. But I am reminded again of pretty Ruth Terry, nibbling her hors d'ouevres and telling me some of her own ideas on good looks. She uses no colored eye shadow, but she does use a colorless one, which makes the space above her eyes luminous, soft and dewey. This is a good tip for all who are young and clear-eyed. Any cream will work, but Kurlene, a Kurlash product, for grooming lashes and brows, will also give a lovely lustre to lids.

Ruth is also a great advocate of a brush for shaping lips. She showed me her own, there in her afternoon bag. At this moment, there is probably some very good news around your town or city—Cinema Sable Fountain Lip-Brush. Remove the tip, as you would from a lipstick. There is a little brush that draws a perfect outline in a color that is fed into the brush from the tube. The color concentrate is soft, luscious in texture and colors, and lasts well on the lips. This, readers, is what I think you've been waiting for. The cream seems very protective for lips, too, and you buy refills as you need more color.

If you will choose as many as possible of your beauty aids with a softening effect in mind, you can outwit Winter any old time. Creams, and plenty, remember, for cleansing, for lubricating and for protecting—the latter meaning powder bases and lotions for exposed parts, like face, hands, arms and legs!

Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 9]

famous concert violinist who temporarily forgets his wife (*Edna Best*) and family when he meets Sigrid, a student of the piano. Their brief, but altogether charming love affair, will leave a haunting memory in your hearts.

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN *(RKO)*—Fine. This homespun story of a small town doctor who sacrificed a brilliant career as a surgeon in order to help the poor and underprivileged will appeal to all lovers of the simple, honest things of life. Jean Hersholt is just right as the doctor; Paul Harvey properly blustery as the flinty mayor; Enid Bennett (*remember her?*) charming as the mother of the two incorrigibles, Jackie Moran and Patsy Lee Parsons. You'll like it.

NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE *(Paramount)*—Fair. Even with such capable players as Pat O'Brien and Olympe Bradna playing top roles—and with the delightful assistance of Roland Young—this drama of backstage life fails to make the grade completely. However, it does have its moments. Other interesting players in the cast are Reginald Gardiner, George E. Stone and Murray Alper.

NINOTCHKA *(MGM)*—Delightful. A Garbo film is always a treat, but when Garbo goes *comedienne* it's an occasion. Especially with Ernst Lubitsch directing! The story is a satirical take-off on a small group of Soviet Russians sent to Paris to sell some rare jewels confiscated from a former Grand Duchess (*Ina Clare*) whose boy friend (*Melvyn Douglas*) falls for Garbo, Soviet Envoy *Extraordinaire.*

PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE *(Warner Brothers)*—Fine. Pomp and pageantry at its best, with Bette Davis turning in a beautiful characterization of Queen Elizabeth during the period of her exciting, but emotionally devastating, romance with the swash-buckling Lord Essex (*Errol Flynn*). Fine cast includes Olivia de Havilland, Donald Crisp and Alan Hale.

ROARING TWENTIES, THE *(Warner Brothers)*—Exciting. The clock is turned back for us to the post-War days when the world was run ragged by prohibition, gangsterism and the Great Depression. It all adds up to a fast-moving, hard-hitting film with Jimmy Cagney at his best as the ex-soldier turned gangster, Priscilla Lane as a night club singer, and Humphrey Bogart as a ruthless killer.

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE *(MGM)*—Fine. Once again Lew Ayres plays Lionel Barrymore's promising young assistant in this latest *Dr. Kildare* film, but once again, good as Ayres is, Barrymore holds the spotlight. (*Helen Gilbert.*)

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

for the week-end. So the little girls get healthy and get to see their idol at the same time.

When Ronald Colman's "Light That Failed" is released, fans will get their first glimpse of Muriel Angelus, who made such a hit in the New York stage production of "Boys From Syracuse." In the short time that she has been in Hollywood, Muriel has made such an impression with studio co-workers—the gang on the sets have nick-named her "Muriel Angel-Puss."

Their second wedding anniversary was indeed a gala occasion for Margo and Francis Lederer. When she won out over one hundred and fifty actresses and got the lead in Sidney Kingsley's "The World We Make," Margo flew to Boston to celebrate her anniversary and share her good news with her husband. When she arrived at the theatre where Francis Lederer is breaking feminine hearts in Katharine Cornell's "No Time For Comedy," Margo was stopped by the stage door man.

"I'm sorry miss," he explained. "But you'll have to wait your turn. Mr. Lederer's room is so packed there isn't any more room. You'll have to stay here until some of the other ladies come out!"

That was a terrific rib that George Murphy pulled on Fred Astaire. Albert Morin, an actor who is also a professional "insulter" was told to go to work on Fred. Right in the middle of one of the big "Broadway Melody" dance numbers, Fred was stopped by Morin. That annoyed Fred to start out with. Morin, posing as a new studio designer, informed Fred that all his costumes were so terrible, they had to be made again. Fred assured Morin that he had personally okayed the costumes and they were everything he hoped they would be. Morin then proceeded to tell Fred that his taste was bad, that he didn't know anything about costumes or what looked good on him. The usually mild-mannered Astaire was fit to be tied. Just when he was about to explode, George Murphy stepped in and exposed the gag. Fred took it like a good sport, but heaven help the Irish when he gets even with George.

Ever since Madame Maria Ouspenskaya moved her famous school to Hollywood, Jean Parker had been wanting to meet the Russian actress. Finally, a mutual friend brought "Mousie" (*As George Brent calls her)* to Jean's house for dinner. Jean was so excited and anxious to make the evening a huge success. So she sent out and bought up all the heavy Russian recordings in Hollywood. For hours Madame sat patiently and listened to the mournful music. Finally, Jean turned to her and asked if there was any particular piece she wanted to hear.

"There certainly is," answered Ouspenskaya. "Will you play—'Sea Food Mama!'"

Adrian and Janet Gaynor have solved the problem of entertaining their mutual friends. One evening Janet will have all those she is fond of and the next evening it will be Adrian's turn. The happily wedded pair also happen to have many friends in common whom both have known for many years. So on week ends they have them in.

Anyone but the gallant Gary Cooper would have been furious at this fan. Gary was coming out of the Chinese Theatre, when the fan walked up and asked for an autograph. Gary graciously consented and held out his hand for the pen. The fan flew into a rage.

"It's *your* business to carry a pen," he stormed at Gary. "Now you won't be able to give me your autograph."

Topper to the story is this. Very much concerned, Gary stammered out an apology and promised he would never be caught in such an unforgivable predicament again!

At the age of twenty-nine, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., admits that he could retire for life if he wanted to lead a lazy man's existence. Not so long ago those Hollywood wise heads predicted that Doug was all washed up. Today he is one of the three highest priced players on the screen.

Ever since he announced he was going to build a house poor Cesar Romero hasn't had a moment's peace. Salesmen, solicitors, insurance brokers, gardeners and garbage men ring his door bell and call him on the phone at all hours of the day and night. Cesar changed his private number and it still keeps up. What he doesn't know is that Ray Milland, Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith and his other friends have framed him. To make everything perfect, Franchot gave Cesar a kitchen shower!



Checking on *Their* Comments

By Frederick James Smith

Often the stars say one thing, but mean another, so let's "read-between-the-lines"

JAMES CAGNEY, in his trench garb of "The Fighting 69th," pushed his chair back in his Warner dressing room and dictated this note to me. He softly chorded his ever-handy guitar as he spoke, at least so his secretary wired—

"The suggestion that I play John Paul Jones on the screen came in a rather unusual way. One evening, some time ago, I was called to the telephone by my friend, Dwight Franklin, the sculptor, who had just been commissioned to do a heroic group with Jones as the central figure. He told me he had made an interesting discovery, that not only did I resemble Jones very strongly in facial characteristics, but that our physical measurements, general attitude, personality, everything, seemed to be identical. He urged me to play Jones on the screen.

"It was a coincidence that, on the very next day, Lou Edelman, an associate producer at Warners, called to tell me he thought I should do a John Paul Jones story, that he would put writers on the script right away.

"I am eager to do John Paul Jones not only because he was a fellow of great and daring accomplishment, a hero and a villain at the same time, but I feel that I actually know him. In one great respect I think along the lines he did. One phrase that repeats itself in most of his writings, practically all of his letters, makes this clear to me. He frequently wrote, using almost the same words: 'All I've ever wanted is the opportunity for the calm contemplation of poetic ease."

"That's what I've wanted all of my life, a quiet little place somewhere where it's not crowded. Where there are no worries, no jealousies, no fighting, no quarrels, no constant striving for something that isn't there. But what I've had most of my life is a battle. Sure, I know John Paul Jones."

Maybe John Paul Jones was the Jimmy Cagney type, even though the famous seaman of the 1770's never knew about gangsters, or gats or grapefruit. It's a comforting thought. Heroes of the Continental era tend to appear like overstuffed fables. It's nice to know that John Paul had the nervous Cagney punch. I can see him now, pushing his way into the *Serapis* and shooting out the lights of the officers' mess. All the time just seeking the calm contemplation of poetic ease.

DAVID NIVEN was worried when I encountered him in New York. Hollywood press agents had made such a to-do about Niven returning to fight for the mother country that he finally felt he must do something about it. So he decided to go to England and see. Would his old regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, need him? He didn't know. I asked him what he thought an extended time out would do to his young and freshly developed career.

"With my sort of stuff I doubt very much if it could matter. It would be fatal to a glamour boy to be off the screen more than a few months. I'm not a glamour lad, thank heaven.

"I'd hate to lose what I've climbed into. People seem to think I casually dropped into success. Not a bit of it. I had my tough spots. I remember trying to get a chance on the other side in the London Films' production of 'Henry VIII.' They took a lot of photographs and then handed them to me. 'There are the stills,' they sighed politely. 'Judge for yourself.'

"Then, over here, I did a bit in 'Barbary Coast' at United Artists. They threw me out of a window into the mud—and later spelled my name Nevins in the cast. Then I said, 'Goodbye, my dear' to Elissa Landi at Paramount in 'Without Regret' —and it was goodbye. Nobody asked me to come back for another role. Edmund Goulding, the director, helped me get

"That's what I've wanted all of my life, a quiet little place somewhere where it's not crowded. Where there are no worries," says Jimmy Cagney.

"Heaven knows," exclaims Dorothy Lamour, "I'm thankful I was given the opportunity to wear six inches of Polynesian print and thereby become a movie star." *Right:* States Orson Welles, "What I don't like about Hollywood is the *gang* movie—and I don't mean the Dead End Kids. I mean the assembly line method of manufacturing entertainment."

started more than anyone else. Ronald Colman fought to get me into 'The Prisoner of Zenda' cast two years ago. I owe a lot to Ronnie for that.

"I'd hate to lose my little Hollywood spot. But I doubt that England wants, or needs, any of us now. Or that I'd be forgotten in films if she called me."

Don't bank too much on the memory of the public, Davy. Look at all the idols of yesteryear playing bits in the background of 1940 films. It's all very well being a playful, youthful edition of Ronald Colman but keep at it, or look out. The public's memory is as short as a forgotten star's bank account. You have to stay in there and keep punching, or else.

ORSON WELLES, the Mercury Theater actor who scared part of America half to death with a radio broadcast about men from Mars landing in New Jersey, is out in Hollywood to make a movie. The RKO officials are putting up a sizeable sum to let him have a free hand in directing, producing and editing a Joseph Conrad story sans *all studio supervision.*

"Ever since I came out here Hollywood people who know what they're talking about have been telling me what's wrong with motion pictures, and none of them agree. As far as I can see, the medium itself is almost limitless. My guess is that the men at the top are not as much to blame or, let's say, they're not as unnecessary as the men in the middle.

"Any big business, I suppose, has to support its quota of executives, but selling a movie isn't the same thing as making it, and the two fields of endeavor should logically be separated one from the other. A publisher contributes almost inevitably to the delinquency and degradation of literature when he interferes with the writing of the books it's his business to market. Now selling motion pictures is a business, but making them is a profession. I suggest that, since books are written by writers and not by their publishers, motion pictures should be made by directors and not by their producers.

"What I don't like about Hollywood is the 'gang' movie—and I don't mean the Dead End Kids. I mean the assembly line method of manufacturing entertainment that has developed in the last fifteen years or so, and I share this prejudice with practically everybody whose craft is the actual making of a movie and not the job of 'supervising' it, or this business of selling it. When too many cooks get together they find usually the least common denominator of dramatic interest. And what does the consumer get out of the huddle system? He gets the double feature."

It is apparent that we have the big studio production muddlers reeling—now that outspoken Orson has taken a few cracks. But the bearded Mr. Welles is treading on dangerous territory. He doesn't know picture technique, which is poles apart from stage technique. He's to do a big film without anyone intruding upon his schemes. And all Hollywood is waiting on the sidelines, enchanted by his beard and his temerity. Laying odds on his chances, too. We shall see, we shall see.

DOROTHY LAMOUR has ridden to success in a sarong. Like all humans,
[*Continued on page* 60]

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A Helping Hand From Hollywood





Above: **Andrea Leeds watches Mrs. Roosevelt cut the President's birthday cake.** ***Left:*** **Errol Flynn with the President at a horse show, in Washington, D. C., in which Errol rode the President's horse.**

WHEN the 58th birthday of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is celebrated on January 30, Hollywood will play an important part in the celebration, just as it has in the past four years. As dances and entertainments are held all over the United States, a group of your favorite movie stars will give liberally of their time and talent to aid in the fight against infantile paralysis.

Since January, 1936, when Ginger Rogers took off her shoes and danced for the President in the Oval Room of the White House, stars of the silver screen have been invited to Washington for the birthday celebrations there—and have been White House guests at a birthday luncheon. For a few days, Pennsylvania Avenue takes on the aspect of Hollywood Boulevard, with stars such as Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, Frederic March, George Brent, Annabella, Janet Gaynor and numerous others liable to pop out from behind the nearest diplomatic car.

But do not think for a moment that these visitors from Hollywood receive presidential honor and reams of publicity for nothing. They must give lavishly of themselves in order to make certain the success of the Washington celebration, which annually adds more than $50,000 to the national fund to combat the dread disease—poliomyelitis.

The official round of activities in the Nation's Capital includes, besides cocktail parties, receptions, broadcasts, dinners and visits to Capitol Hill, personal appearances at the balls held in seven leading Washington hotels and at the midnight stage shows in two downtown theaters. In addition, one or two of the stars at least must drive over to Baltimore, Maryland, or Alexandria, Virginia, to add appearances at dances there to the list of chores for the evening.

"It's like playing a week of vaudeville in one night," a theater-wise star once said.

He was right. Playing ten shows in one short evening is a full schedule indeed. A star who makes the rounds needs all of the energy he can muster, for the trek has been known to tire even the indefatigable Mrs. Roosevelt, who makes appearances everywhere the stars do.

Many of cinemaland's brightest figures have made the jaunt, however, delighted to honor the President and happy to do their bit in the fight against paralysis. They grin and bear up under the strain of the night's activities, which begin at 9 P.M., and continue until 4 A.M., or later.

Ever since Ginger Rogers took off her shoes and danced for the President, movie stars have played an important part at his Birthday Ball

By David Tearle

A complicated schedule that would baffle a train dispatcher routes the stars from hotel to hotel, and from theater to theater. Each star has a special limousine, complete with police escort, honor guard from a Marine Regiment, a newspaper writer to act as host, and a studio or theater representative to act as buffer. Each of the distinguished visitors makes an individual appearance; when Errol Flynn, for instance, is appearing at one ball, Andrea Leeds is taking her bows at some other hotel.

The personal appearance is little more than that—an introduction, a few words of greeting, a bow—and then off into the car and, with sirens screaming, bound full tilt for the next stop on the lengthy schedule.

At 11 P.M., in the midst of their various appearances, all of the guests of honor assemble at the White House, where they fill the Oval Room to watch the President broadcast his birthday message to the nation. After that, he shakes each one's hand and expresses his thanks. With this interlude of quiet over, the star is whisked to the next stop, and the evening is in full swing again.

The climax comes at 1:30 A.M., at the Gold Plate Breakfast at the Carlton Hotel. There a select few hundred pay $25 a plate to see all of the stars—by this time a weary group of troupers comparing notes on their evening's journeys. There is music, dancing, champagne—and it is 3 or 4 A.M. before Mr. or Miss Star can disappear to the sanctuary of his or her own hotel.

Of course, it was all much simpler in 1936, when Ginger Rogers inaugurated the custom of Hollywood participation in Washington's celebration. Ginger happened to be spending a six weeks' vacation seeing shows in New York when it was suggested that she come to the Capital—and come she did.

On her arrival, Washington drama editors were surprised to discover that Ginger was not a redhead, but a blonde. She startled fans, too, many of whom thought it was Jean Harlow who was greeted with such ceremony at Union Station.

Most astounding of all was Ginger's confession, at a press luncheon, that she got blisters on her feet from dancing so much in pictures.

"I'm afraid I never was cut out for a dancer," she declared.

But when she visited the White House, the President did not seem to believe her denials.

"How about a little dance?" he asked.

Whereupon Ginger pulled off her slippers and danced—to the applause of the President, other [*Continued on page* 62]





Right: **The President's mother with Sonja Henie.** ***Below (l. to r.):*** **In Washington for the celebration, Joe E. Brown, Eleanor Powell, Mrs. Roosevelt, Fredric March, Maria Gamberelli and (*front*) Ann Gillis and Tommy Kelly. Each year there's a new group.**

a Shampoo **isn't enough**



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Any shampoo will remove dirt and dandruff, ***but that's not half enough.*** Dull, drab looking hair needs more than a shampoo. ***It needs lustre*** and a little bit of color (***like rouge to pale cheeks***) to hide that lifeless condition — then it will be full of ***sparkling colored highlights.***



The New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse will give your hair this intriguing effect, leaving it amazingly clean—free from dulling, sticky, unrinsable shampoo scum (***same as bath tub scum***) left in the hair after most shampoos—***making it shine like glowing satin.*** Then it adds a tiny color tint, hiding drab, mousey looking hair by replacing those appealing, soft, glowing colored highlights that are ***so adorable in a child's hair.***



Like rouge to pale cheeks the New Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse gives the hair a healthy, peppy look, but it won't rub off. ***It's really thrilling*** to have hair as appealing as a baby's curls. And it is just as safe to use as makeup because the color effect isn't permanent—it washes out completely.



In two minutes and for only a few cents the hidden lights in your hair will appear to have been reborn — glowing again with soft, colored, dancing highlights. ***Have cleaner, brighter, more radiant hair.*** Get the New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at any drug, department or 10c store. ***Beautiful hair*** is the charm of irresistible women. Shampoo and tint with Golden Glint.

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SWANEE RIVER

IN TECHNICOLOR

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

SOIREE POLKA

SWANEE RIVER (OLD FOLKS AT HOME)

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

CAMPTOWN RACES

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

RING, RING DE BANJO!

The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour

with

DON AMECHE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

and

FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

"Gentlemen, be seated!"



Left: Night-clubbing is unusual for Bing Crosby and the missus *(Dixie Lee)*, but they did it recently at the Beverly-Wilshire when Herbert Marshall *(left)* tossed a party in their honor. *Below:* Martha Raye gets her legs powdered for a scene in "The Farmer's Daughter." *Lower right:* Andy Devine reads the right sort of stuff. *Lower left:* Ann Rutherford bestows a kiss upon Director George Sidney as Lynn Carver and Sidney Kahn gaze.



Silver Screen

Topics For Gossip

OLIVIA De HAVILLAND is still blushing. It seems that she and the Brian Ahernes and several members of the English colony were gathered at dinner, and as usual were discussing the war, mines, submarines, etc. "The safest way to go to Europe now," said Olivia with great aplomb, "is on the Countess de Frasso." Dead silence. "I—I—mean," stuttered Olivia miserably, "the Conte di Savoia." She'll never live that one down.

The Nelson Eddys are denying those stork rumors. And everybody says, except the Tyrone Powers, that the bird is flapping its wings over the Tyrone Powers. And the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heir arrives in April.

Curious Hollywood has been trying for weeks to discover the identity of Linda Darnell's boy friend. At last—he's discovered! His name is Jaime Yorba, he was born in Spain, and has been in Mexico City studying to be a civil engineer. He and Linda used to have dates in Dallas, Texas, when Linda was in high school there. According to Linda he was, and is, her number one boy friend, and he's coming to Hollywood soon to visit her.

Constance Bennett is simply melting them to their shoe-tops with glamour on her present personal appearance tour in the East. She does twenty-eight appearances a week and wears a different gown at each show. The stage-door-johnnies are so generous in their adoration that Connie's dressing-rooms don't begin to hold the orchids. Anyway, Connie is having *some* experiences. She was arrested in Cleveland for holding up traffic when she made her chauffeur









Upper left: **Director William Keighley discusses a scene for "The Fighting 69th" with James Cagney.** *Above:* **At a cocktail party before the opening of the Los Angeles Opera season, Gene Raymond tells a story to Walter Pidgeon, Mrs. Raymond** *(Jeanette MacDonald)*, **Lily Pons and hubby Andre Kostalenetz.** *Left:* **Brian Aherne with his bride, Joan Fontaine, at the Cafe Lamaze.** *Lower left:* **Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert take time out for a drink of water during a rehearsal for their recent Kate Smith broadcast of "Drums Along the Mohawk."**



stop in order to sign autographs for four kids who had been dogging her car for blocks. In another city, sixty-three high school girls stormed the hotel where she was staying, bribed their way up to her suite, and tried to sell the maid on letting them take a peek at her while she was sleeping. According to intimates, Connie is getting the kick of her life out of this tour—and, according to critics and press notices, so must everyone who sees her.

Virginia Field is never without her mad money. Instead of the proverbial charm bracelet, "Ginnie" wears one containing varied sized frames into which may be slipped nickels, dimes and quarters. She keeps the coins highly polished, and the effect is completely novel—and practical. Richard Greene, of the dimples, is still head man in her life.

Well, really now, George Brent can't be everything to every woman. But one week-end recently, mind you just *one* week-end, he was reported visiting Olivia de Havilland at Coronado Beach, beauing Greta Garbo at Palm Springs, and welcoming Bette Davis home in Hollywood. Well, really, he's not *that* good.

The fans pile into the Florentine Room at the Beverly-Wilshire these evenings to see Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Stewart dancing every dance.

If Tyrone Power shows you an old tin can that looks like a megaphone and asks you pathetically if you don't think it would make a wonderful lamp, for heaven sakes don't agree with him. He's only kidding, he's one of the best kidders in Hollywood. "You'd be surprised," says Annabella, "how many people agree with him when he shows them that horrible old tin can." Well, Annabella, don't forget it's a yes-town, full of yes-people.

From a clipping in a Hollywood newspaper, anent the War: "No longer can Irene Dunne have her Czecho-Slovakian filets of anchovies. Or Joan Bennett her pate de foies gras, with truffles or Perigord. Or Wally Ford his favored Polish hams. Even Dorothy Lamour's Norwegian herring and Isabel Jewell's Russian caviar may be war casualties."

Mercy now, doesn't it just break you up! Those poor, *poor*, movie stars.

The most embarrassed man we have ever seen sat next to us at the Shrine Auditorium recently when the San Francisco Opera Company gave out with "Rigoletto." All the music lovers and movie stars were gathered in worshipful silence. It was just as the curtain was parting and the man next to me leaned over to pick up his program. The buttons of his coat caught in Jeanette MacDonald's hair—and caught good. For awhile it

If you're curious about the intimate doings of you





Above: W. C. Fields gets a bit affectionate on the Universal lot where he's making "My Little Chickadee" with Mae West. *Upper right:* Director Raoul Walsh, Hedy Lamarr and her hubby, Gene Markey, at the first Hollywood showing of "The Roaring Twenties," which Walsh directed. *Right:* Alan Marshall, the Englishman who plays opposite Anna Neagle in "Irene," with Edgar Bergen and Jean Arthur, who rarely permits candid photos. *Lower right:* Linda Darnell, with Robert Shaw, gives an autograph at a sneak preview of her latest picture, "Day-time Wife."

emed that nothing would ever release him from Jeanette outside of a od snipping with scissors. In all the confusion and fuss we are delighted report that Jeanette, a devout music lover, kept her sense of humor.

Although Joan Fontaine was twenty-two years old on her last birthday ere were only twenty-one candles on her birthday cake.

Frank, her Filipino butler, who is an avid student of American etiquette, mained serene when the error was called to his attention.

"But I'm twenty-two, Frank," Joan protested.

"Sorry, missy," was Frank's reply. "Blue Book says American ladies ke only twenty-one candles on all birthday cakes."

For the first time since she made her debut at the age of three, Jeanette MacDonald will appear in Philadelphia, her home town, during her concert our this Spring. The citizenry wasted no time proving how they felt about eanette. Four months before her scheduled appearance the town's largest uditorium, where her concert occurs, was completely sold out.

Speaking of movie stars, says Mark Hellinger who did all right by "The Roaring Twenties," two female movie youngsters sat in the Brown Derby he other night and discussed a woman star with whom they were working.

"What do you think of Miss X?" asked the first.

"Some people think she's awful catty," the second youngster snorted.

"Catty!" screamed the first. "Why she's so catty that they're afraid to eave her in the same room with a canary."

Rumors persist that Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons are going to all their marriage off. Anyway, Dolores returns to the screen in the ewest Wally Beery picture at Metro, and according to those who have een the "rushes" she is even more glamorous than ever.

Best kid crack of the month: Robert Montgomery's three year old son got angry with his nurse who wanted him to eat something he didn't want. Said Skipper: "I'm mad with you. I'm going on a diet and you can't come along."

Ever since she worked with Marlene Dietrich, Una Merkel refers to herself as "Legs" Merkel. She even had a sign made for her dressing oom door. In typical Merkel fashion, Una cracked: "The difference between Marlene and me is—she doesn't *have* to put up signs."

Ann Sothern tells this one on herself. She has been under contract at MGM since last June. Because she always [*Continued on page 70*]

favorites, here are items of particular interest

How To Bring Out The

The author, a personal friend of Clark's, not only tells, in her gay and amusing way, what makes him tick, but also how to get your boy friend to tick the same way!

By Elizabeth Wilson

TO MY way of thinking, and it's pretty good way, though I hav never been done by Rodin, wha this country needs is definitely fewe politicians and more Clark Gables. Lif can be as dull as ditch-water, when suc denly I see What-A-Man Gable an immediately have a strange feeling in m tummy, my heart goes flutter-flutter i two-four time, and my spirits, which wer lolling in the gutter, are catapulted t the thrilling heights of Mount Olympu Yes, let's face it. I get a lift out o Gable. I—and thousands of other gal Worse luck.

I didn't have to be a Philo Vance t discover that there are droves of wome in the United States, all the way fro Maine to California, who fairly swoo with ecstasy at the very mention of M G. And I didn't have to have the lon beak of a hoopoe bird (*something picked up in a cross word puzzle, n doubt*) to dig up all the discouragin facts about his universal s-e-x (*Junio might be listening*) appeal. That two fisted guy with the handsome mug is th Dream Boy of three-fourths of th women of America—and of the wome of other countries too, perhaps, but I'n an isolationist so we won't go into that But don't let him catch any of yo jealous males calling him a Dream Boy He'll kick you in the Francis.

Alas, there is nothing private about *m* romance with Gable; so come on in everybody else has.

Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in "Gone With th Wind," is actually a Command Performance be cause, when David Selznick announced he woul make the picture, he was flooded with letters fro women all over the country demanding that Clar Gable play the part of Rhett Butler or else *Below:* Clark with Vivien Leigh who plays Scarlet O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind," most talke of film in years. Their love scenes are exceptiona

Clark Gable In Any Man!

When I read in the newspapers that David Selznick had bought "Gone With the Wind" and was in the process of casting it I gathered up my sledge hammer, which I have found to be far more effective in asserting the power of the press than my typewriter, and rushed out to Culver City to tell Mr. Selznick that Clark Gable should play the part of Rhett Butler or else. But Mr. Selznick had already been told. And good. His desk was covered with thousands of letters from women who assured him in plain and fancy English that they wouldn't go near his old picture unless Gable played Rhett Butler. That made DOS wince. Gable is the hardest-to-borrow actor in Hollywood. Metro has him under one of those steel contracts with iron bindings that nothing less than a mint can open.

Poor Mr. David had to shell out plenty. He also had to let Shylock Metro release the picture and cut in on the profits. And all because the women of America—*my* competition—wouldn't let anyone play Rhett Butler except Clark Gable. Talk about your command performances. The King and Queen have nothing on us gals. Incidentally, this is the first time there has been a command performance on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Selznick agrees with me, and heartily, when I say that there should be more Clark Gables.

And I'll tell you something else too that I found out while snooping around. Do you know that two-thirds of the scripts and scenarios submitted to the studios are written by women, and invariably are written with Gable in mind? Just in case the producers are dopes the authors usually mark their scripts: "Hero to be played by Gable." It seems that when women sit down to write they may dream up an oil man, an aviator, a newspaper reporter, a racketeer, a Great Lover, but he's always the Gable type. (*The psychoanalysts call it Wishful Thinking.*) And pardon me for pointing, but it does seem to me that even Margaret Mitchell had Mr. G. firmly in mind when she was running off "Gone With the Wind." Rhett Butler, as Mr. Selznick found out to his expense, *is* Clark Gable.

So what with all this dreaming and Wishful Thinking going on, and all these gals having to take it out in writing, I realized more and more that what we really need in this country is a whole flock of Clark Gables. If we girls could get together and bring out the Clark Gable, if any, in our boy friends we'd have something. When we've brought out a few Clark Gables we can go "Y-an, y-an," at Miss Lombard, we hope. But it's not so easy to make a What-A-Man out of Any Man.

First, what makes the Great Gable tick? I talked it over with Miss Lombard, but she didn't seem at all interested in bringing out any more Gables, and why should she be, so I talked it over with the We Want Gable girls—waitresses at Carpenter's drive-in, salesgirls at Magnin's, Junior Leaguers at Perino's, and several top Glamour Girls who would give their eyeteeth for a crack at C. G. —and they seemed very interested. I must admit that a few of them went a bit catty on me and suggested that perhaps it would be easier to do something about Lombard—arsenic or ground glass or something similar—but I have been very fond of Carole ever since we arrived simultaneously in New York on a milk train five or six years ago. No movie star had ever done that before. After such a heart-warming experience I couldn't exactly bring myself to do her in.

Well, it seems that the things that make Mr. Gable tick, the things that make him so desirable to us gals, are his naturalness, (*Continued on page 70*)





Left and below: **Clark and Vivien in love scenes from "Gone With the Wind." The qualities which make Clark so popular are not unusual, but present in every man. Bringing them out is far from impossible.**

HER OWN WORST ENEMY



It looks as if Warner Brothers definitely have another Bette Davis in Jane Bryan after her excellent performing in "The Old Maid" and "We Are Not Alone." Nevertheless, Jane is quite dissatisfied with herself and doesn't mind telling you just what her reasons are.

"Now why can't I be a combination of Hedy Lamarr, Jetta Goudal, with Garbo's eyes... Marlene Dietrich's legs!" laments Jane Bryan. "I want to be exotic! . . . I get so tired of people saying 'a frank, open face' when they describe me. I have no style, no personality. And I hate my temper!"

By

Gladys Hall

I LOOK in the mirror," said Jane, stabbing savagely at the heart of a rose or a doe or whatever the deuce it was in the complicated piece of petit-point she was doing, [look in the mirror and what do I see? Not what I'd like) see, you can bet! I see a too-round, peculiar face, *with* eckles on it. I see a too-wide smile. I see a too-peculiar ose. I see drab hair. I see eyebrows which are just eyebrows, ist there, not arched or questioning or bird-wingy or anyning. I take a few short steps away from the mirror and . . ."

Jane threw down the pretentious petit-point. She got up om her chair (*in which she had been sitting tailor-fashion*) nd, in brown slack suit and scarlet leather slippers, scorn f herself zinging the air like those sparklers children play ith on Fourth of July, she executed a few steps around her ressing room in which we were sitting. As a matter of fact, e were using Jane's dressing room for a confessional, wherein aney was to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but he truth about herself.

She was saying: "Please notice the grace about me. I *love* ny grace . . . I never enter a room or leave one without nocking over a chair, a piece of priceless bric-a-brac or a elebrity. I never enter the Green Room here on the lot for nch that I don't collide with someone, head on. One day I anged plunk into Zorina. It *would* be Zorina." (*Jane, who dores ballet, particularly adores Zorina, and is an ardent fan f hers.*) "Into Zorina," groaned Jane loudly, "who wouldn't ang into *anyone,* not even if she walked hrough a deck of cards. I must have a ot of calcium in me," she added. "I never reak any of my bones!

"Now, why, *why* can't I have natural ed hair like—well, like Greer Garson. Hair like a flame,' boy, if that could only e said about me! I've heard that when eople have accidents or sudden shocks heir hair sometimes turns white. I'd throw nyself over a precipice if I thought that y doing so my hair, old mouse that it is, night turn *red!*

"Now, why," Jane continued to demand, 'why can't I be a combination of Hedy Lamarr, Jetta Goudal, with Garbo's eyes, h, those eyes, and Marlene Dietrich's legs! [want to be exotic. I want to be tall and willowy and sort of emaciated. I want to e the type who wears wonderful clothes nd drapes and jewels. I want to be five feet eight inches instead of my stubby litle five feet three. I get so tired of people aying 'a frank, open face' when they describe me. I loathe being called an ingenue. I like to be young, I know the value of being young, and the brevity, but I don't like to be *icky*-young.

"I want to have shadows on my cheeks, hollows," moaned Jane. "I want to look as though I might have come from French Indo-China and meant no good by it! I want to have a voice like Margaret Sullavan's, sort of husky, sort of a 'fog' quality. I want to sing husky French songs, the way French girls sing them, the way Jean Sablon sings them. I want to look intriguing. I want to have a sort of Mata Hari sinisterness about me.

"But I guess," sighed Jane, "I guess I'm doomed to *janiness*. Not for nothing, I fear, was I born Jane O'Brien, born right here in Hollywood, a girl with three kid brothers who would probably tear her limb from limb if she even suggested French Indo-China in the back-yard, a girl whose first appearance on any stage was as a bouncing *snowball* in a school play, a girl who likes hot fudge sundaes and dill pickles, a girl who can cook and sometimes does, a girl who is described in her own studio biography: 'as genuine a sample of Irish-American girlhood as you could find anywhere.' Such a girl," groaned Janey so loudly that Eddie Albert, passing by, called out. "Girls, Girls, anything wrong in [*Continued on page 60*]







Her studio's description of Jane is "*as genuine a sample of Irish American girlhood as you could find anywhere.*" *Above:* Studying her role between scenes. *Right:* With Paul Muni in "We Are Not Alone." She didn't like herself in it.



IDA LUPINO

In "The Light That Failed," starring Ronald Colman, Ida gives a truly remarkable performance. In fact, one that should win stardom for her.



CARY GRANT

Teaming Cary with Rosalind Russell in "My Girl Friday" is guarantee of sprightly comedy throughout this interesting remake of "The Front Page."



Born in Dublin, Maureen O'Hara, who has the feminine lead in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," which stars Charles Laughton, is a typical Irish lass, with a wealth of chestnut hair, flashing green eyes and a sparkling personality. She is a protege of Charles Laughton who considers her one of the finest actresses now to be seen on stage or screen.

MAUREEN O'HARA



KAY KYSER

Hollywood gobbled up another outstanding radio favorite when RKO-Radio signed Kay Kyser, professor of the College of Musical Knowledge, to star in its production of "That's Right, You're Wrong." It's the expression Kay uses when anyone gives him the wrong answer. Ginny Simms, Kay's vocalist and girl friend, also appears in the film.

LAURENCE OLIVIER
and
JOAN FONTAINE

Laurence and Joan are cast as Mr. and Mrs. Max de Winter in the Selznick Production of Daphne Du Maurier's "Rebecca." Joan is the second wife who is continually haunted by "Rebecca," the first Mrs. Max de Winter, a character who never appears in the film. It is the best role Joan yet has had, whereas Laurence is expected to surpass his fascinating characterization in "Wuthering Heights."

CESAR ROMERO
and
VIRGINIA FIELD

The first of the series of Cisco Kid pictures which Cesar Romero will make for Twentieth Century-Fox is called "The Cisco Kid and the Lady." Virginia Field is featured prominently. In stepping into Warner Baxter's boots as the Cisco Kid, Cesar has a difficult assignment, but his past performances merit it and undoubtedly he will prove equally as popular, if not more so, in this romantic role.





OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

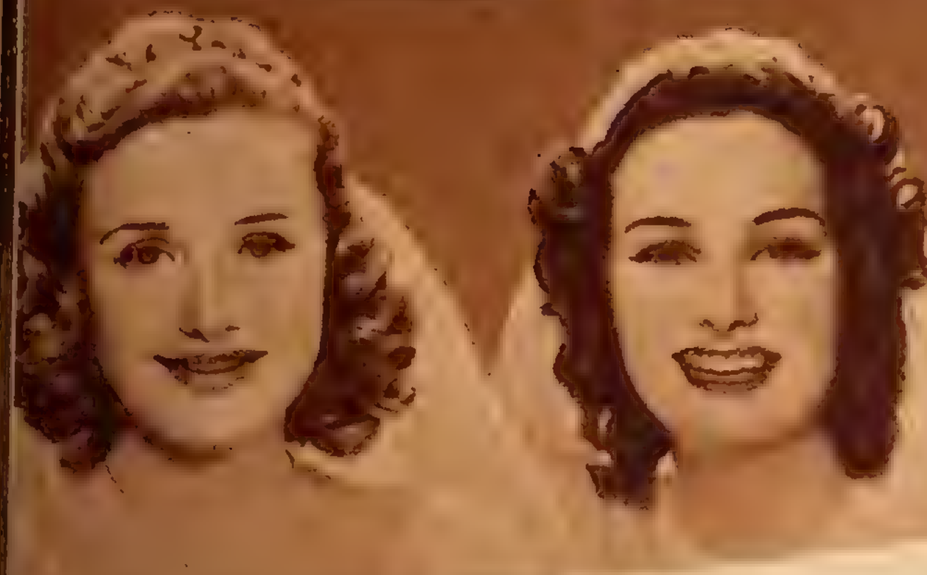
Olivia's latest offering is "Raffles," a Samuel Goldwyn Production, in which she appears with David Niven. Olivia, on loan from Warners, had a merry time making "Raffles" since she and David have so grand a sense of humor.

HERE COME THE BRIDES!



SOMETHING OLD!

The lovable cast of "Four Daughters"!



SOMETHING NEW!

New laughs, new thrills, new joys!



SOMETHING BORROWED!

The same gay charm of their last hit!



SOMETHING BLUE!

fear . . . even while you're laughing!

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

The 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with **CLAUDE RAINS**

Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH

DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

The Character of 'Mickey Borden' as He Appeared in 'Four Daughters,' is Portrayed by

JOHN GARFIELD

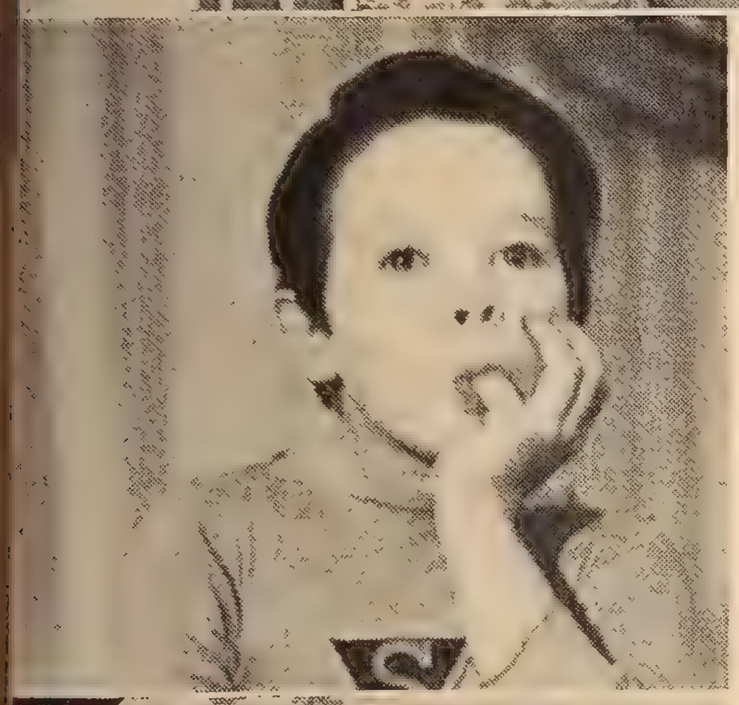
Produced by
WARNER BROS.
And Now Showing

We Point With Pride To BRENDA JOYCE

YOU'VE probably seen Brenda in "The Rains Came" or in "Here I Am a Stranger." If not, be sure to see her in "Little Old New York," her forthcoming picture in which she appears with Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray and Richard Greene. Watch her perform and you'll realize that Darryl Zanuck is correct in stating that Brenda is destined to become one of the screen's greatest stars.







Bobby's *Birthday* Party

Photos by Gene Lester

WHEN Bobby Breen recently turned thirteen he gave a party. All the kids invited had to come in the costume of their favorite comic page character. *In clockwise fashion:* Sliding down the banister are Bobs Watson, who came as "Prince Valiant" and Delmar Watson, dressed as "The Little King." Gloria Jean, as Wilma from "Buck Rogers," is watching and host Bobby Breen is waiting to catch the sliders. Gloria and Bobby sang a duet together, as one of the highlights of the party. Virginia Weidler was togged out as "Olive Oyl" and Bobby Mauch as "Popeye." They played games, one of the most popular being a horse race which had 'em all cheering, especially Bobby and Virginia. Looking at the "funnies" are Gene Reynolds, as a Keystone Cop, and the Watson kids. Virginia did an "Olive Oyl" dance. The refreshments, as expected, were well received. Lined up are Gloria Jean, Terry Kilbourne and Edith Fellowes. The finger sucker is Bobs Watson.







IT *Certainly* PAYS TO BE DIFFERENT!

Adolphe Menjou is Hollywood's iconoclast who refuses to bow down before traditions, superstitions and beliefs—a rebel in a colony of Yes-men!

By Ed Sullivan

DAPPER, shrewd, talented, he is the iconoclast of the motion picture industry. As you read this piece on Adolphe Menjou, his wife Verree Teasdale will be preparing to light the candles on his 50th birthday cake, because his birthday falls on February 18. Of those fifty years, he has spent twenty-five of them, a full quarter of a century, making pictures. He has made ninety-six of them and plans to run his string up to 150 before he checks out.

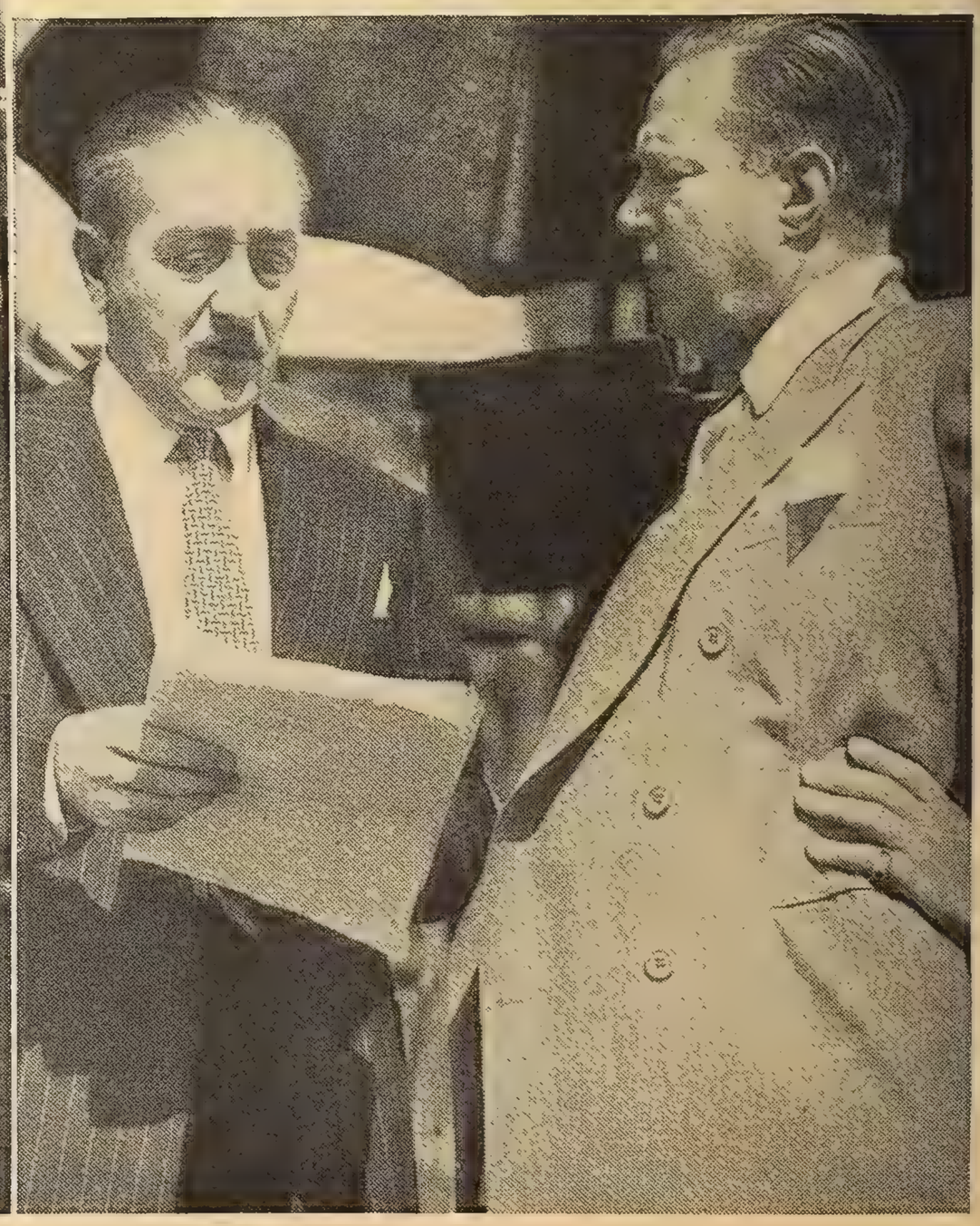
I said that Menjou is Hollywood's iconoclast. The dictionary points out that an iconoclast is an individual who "breaks images," refuses to bow down before traditions, superstitions and beliefs just because they are aged-in-wood. Menjou is a rebel in a colony of Yes-men. He disagrees with quite a few of the sacred Hollywood traditions.

In particular, he disagrees with the age-old belief of actors that "billing," the size type in which an actor's name is spelled out in programs and in advertising, is important to the player's professional career.

"In 'Woman of Paris,' which Chaplin directed," says Menjou, in a crisp, staccato voice, "I wasn't even listed in the



Left: With Mrs. Menjou, better known as Verree Teasdale, at the Hollywood preview of "The Roaring Twenties," not so long ago. They are extremely devoted to each other. *Below:* Going over the script of "That's Right, You're Wrong," the Kay Kyser picture in which he's featured, with its rotund director, David Butler. Directors like Adolphe because he never takes himself too seriously.



program credits. There was no mention of me in any form, and yet my role in that picture made me important overnight. I learned then that the only important thing in this business for an actor is to get a good part and give a good performance in it. If the public likes your work, they'll find out who you are. If they don't like your work, it's better that you're not identified."

In twenty-five years in Hollywood, Menjou has had ample opportunity to regard the passing scene and the principal actors who have paraded across the celluloid horizon.

"The amazing thing to me," he reflects, "is how few people in this business can handle success. I've known a lot of actors, writers, directors and producers when they were poor and were nice people. Shortly after they acquire fame, wealth and all the rest of it, they become Napoleons or Don Juans and retain the worst features of each. They become self-mesmerized and delusions of grandeur set in. A case in point was the late Rudolph Valentino. I worked with him and despite all of the nice traditions about him, I found him to be absolutely impossible. He really had come to believe his publicity. There are hundreds of others who have reacted in just such asinine fashion. Success seems to get a half-Nelson on people and throw them for the full count."

I asked him to tell me something about his personal and family background.

"Well, my father was French. My mother was Irish, from Galway. Dad was a famous Parisian chef. I think that he knew more about food than any person I've ever met, and he had a great affection for it. I mention [*Continued on page* 71]



Adolphe has earned over $3,000,000 in movies, and is world famous. *Below:* Dorothy Lovett seems quite amused at Adolphe's nonchalance during scenes of the film, "That's Right, You're Wrong."



She Still Has *Too Much* Sex Appeal!

Mae West is back and will have the censors hopping, because she hasn't changed a bit!

MAE WEST sat gingerly on the edge of her dressing-room chair, so as not to crush her bustle. She sat bolt upright, so as to keep those stays where they belonged. And with that caressive Westian drawl, she said, "Funny thing. Six years ago, I predicted the return of corsets and bustles. It got a laugh. The wisecrackers said, 'If everybody wore 'em, where would Mae West be?' Here I am, and"—she tilted one eyebrow—"I still have something the other girls don't have."

Practically everything Mae says has a suggestion of some sort tucked away in it. This remark opened up some promising possibilities.

She was in a good, provocative mood. She had just come from the set of the opus tentatively titled "My Little Chickadee"—the first West picture in two years,





Left: **Mae wore a black wig as Mlle. Fifi in "Every Day's a Holiday."** ***Below:*** **Says Mae, "I still have something the other girls don't have . . . theirs is their looks and looks change. Mine isn't just my looks. It's something special."**

By James Reid

and something of a natural. It not only offers Mae as a sultry torch singer of the 1880's, on the loose in the Great Open Spaces, where men were men and women were something to fight over. It also offers, as her mate in misadventure, that bombastic Timid Soul, W. C. Fields.

The set had been the interior of the little red schoolhouse in the he-man town of Greasewood City. The local editor, convinced—after one buggy ride—that Mae was an Eastern damsel of culture, had asked her to try to teach the younger generation of Greasewood City something. (*The regular teacher had had a nervous breakdown, trying.*) So here Mae was, and her largish pupils, all male and all agog, had asked her to teach them some arithmetic. With a casual undulation of her bustle, she had strolled to the nearby blackboard, intimating, en route, that she had some ideas about figures. By the time she reached the blackboard, three steps away, they also had some ideas.

That bit of business was to be only a brief flash in the picture. But, even in the briefest flashes, Mae is irrepressible. Other sirens turn on the sex appeal to fit a situation. No matter what the situation, Mae can't turn hers off.

Censors say that she has too much sex appeal. And every time they say so, look at what happens. The masses —men, women and children—rush to see her. Why should she try to stop the rush?

Some women have sex appeal some of the time, and some of them don't have it any of the time. Mae gets charged with having it all the time. That doesn't hurt her feelings. (*P. S. It doesn't hurt the gate receipts, either. All forty-eight states are strewn with the box-office records she has broken.*)

Anyway, year in and year out, Mae keeps right on being provocative, blithely ignoring the bluenoses. She can afford to, being the only actress who ever has received $300,000 for one picture, plus a percentage of the profits. She *must* have something besides corsets that the other girls don't have.

Having made an insinuation to that effect, she leaned one elbow on the dressing-table behind her and smiled—irrepressibly.

"The other girls and I," she said, "are selling the same thing. Glamour. Sex appeal. Whatever you want to call it. Only we aren't selling the same brand. They're all offering one brand; I'm offering something special. Theirs is kind of perishable. Mine isn't.

"Theirs is in their looks, and looks change. Mine isn't just in my looks. It's in my eyes, my voice, my hands, my walk. Things I'm going to have as long as I can breathe.

"You know what happens when most girls get movie chances. Studios take them aside and say to them, 'You've got to have more sex appeal.' They're told what to wear and how to wear it. They're given new hair-do's and lessons in make-up. They're hustled into the gallery to make some snappy leg art. They're told to go out with this romantic-looking gent or that. Studios do everything they can think of to bring on the sex appeal. But what's been happening to me ever since I came to Hollywood? Studios have been saying, 'We've got to hold Mae back.'"

She even has to hold herself back.

"Off the screen, I have to change my voice, and watch every little thing I do, so people don't get the wrong impression.

"Now that line—'C'm up 'n' see me sometime'—is an example of what I mean. Those are six pretty ordinary words. They've been said millions of times by millions of people. But the way I said them in 'She Done Him Wrong' started something. Ever since, people have been looking for sex in anything I might say."

Most of the glamour girls don't have to struggle

[*Continued on page* 68]



"Off the screen," admits Mae in her Westian drawl, "I have to change my voice and watch every little thing I do, so people don't get the wrong impression."

Betty Made It The Hard Way



Many of the newer crop in Hollywood got there thru good luck, but Betty Field deserved her chance in films

By
William Lynch Vallee

MISS BETTY FIELD is no relation to Mr. W. C. Fields, who spells his name with an "s." Nor is she any relation to, let's say, Greta Garbo or Joan Crawford—unless it's that she's a movie star, too.

But our Miss Field has something that they have not, and that is a crackerjack record in the legitimate theatre—established before she was the twenty-one that she is now.

You probably saw her at the Bijou Movie Palace the other night as the ingénue in "What A Life," opposite Jackie Cooper. Or at the Star in "Seventeen," again opposite Master Cooper, who does seem to get around. Maybe it was "Of Mice And Men," with Burgess Meredith. You must have seen one of the three if you're a half-way movie fan and it's almost a certainty that you found her a more-than-competent actress.

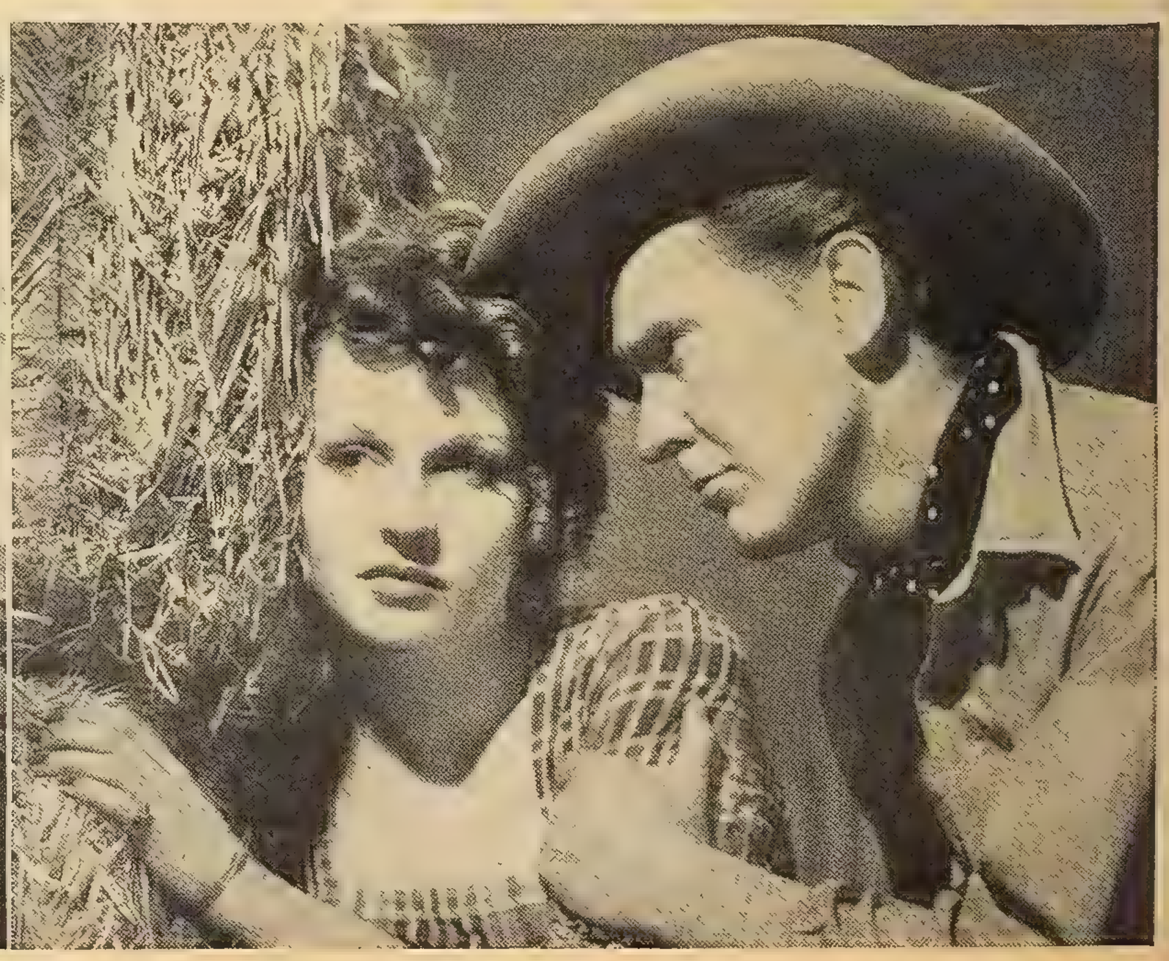
As for the stage—boasted of herein—her record reads well. She was in the London company of "She Loves Me Not," (*she was sixteen and it was 1934*) "Page Miss Glory," "Three Men on A Horse," "Boy Meets Girl," "Room Service," "Angel Island," "If I Were You," "What A Life" and "The Primrose Path." A pretty neat record.

What inclined the young lady toward the stage, back in Boston where she was born, isn't any clearer to her than it is to any young girl who wants to act. One printed story about Miss Field gives this credit to the Massachusetts' Priscilla, a relative of hers. Priscilla, as you will recall, is the one who told John Alden to speak for himself. But that brings us no nearer to a reason for the terrific longing for the sock and buskin in the heart of Betty Field.

She is also related, the story goes on to

Although only 21, Betty's stage experience is amazing. She plays any type of role well. For example, you wouldn't think the Betty (*left*) in "Seventeen" with Jackie Cooper is the same Betty (*right*) in "Of Mice and Men" with Burgess Meredith.







Betty was only 16 when she went to England to appear in the London company of "She Loves Me Not," a big hit in 1934.

say, to Cyrus Field, the man who laid the Atlantic cable. That was an extremely worthwhile job for which Mr. Field eventually received due credit—but was it good theatre?

"Maybe it's the Irish from mother's side," said Betty over a tremendous salad bowl. "Or then again, maybe it's because mother took me to a lot of kid plays. Things about bad boys ending up as lemon pies—not very strong stuff but a start in the right direction."

Mrs. Thomas Mitchell took Betty and her own daughter to see the capable Mr. M. act in a play called "Night Stick," vintage of 1927. Little Betty was so overcome by it all that the sight of Mr. M. lumbering on stage snapped something inside and she yelled, "Oh! There's your father!" Mr. M. still thinks it's pretty funny.

In her back-yard plays Betty co-starred herself with a mop. The mop was always handsome and never stole scenes or missed cues. And it was easily transportable from city to city as the girl and her mother moved from Boston to Forest Hills to Porto Rico to Morristown, New Jersey.

"By the time we had reached Morristown I was going to high school," Betty explained, now well into the salad and going great guns. "Mother would take me to the Saturday matinees of the Roland G. Edwards' stock company. After the show we'd wait in the alley to see stars like Florence Reed and Bert Lytell come

[*Continued on page* 64]

Photos by Gene Lester



PENNY'S a peach . . . we phoned and asked for a series of acrobatic poses . . . Penny said she hadn't done acrobatic dancing for so long, she mightn't be able to oblige . . . but she'd try anyway . . . that is, if we'd wait till she did her marketing . . . she shopped at one of those help-yourself places . . . two most interesting things she bought were a loaf of Italian bread and a pair of you-know-whaties . . . both of which you see.













Pictorial Profile of

Penny Singleton

PENNY was Dorothy McNulty on the musical comedy stage . . . had few equals as an acrobatic dancer . . . you can see from the photos she hasn't lost the knack . . . she loves to clown around, as you can notice . . . Penny's now divorced from Dr. Lawrence Singleton . . . has a three-year-old daughter named Dorothy . . . Penny likes to do all her own housework and marketing . . . Her "Blondie" pictures are sensational box-office attractions . . . Penny's one of the best natured people in Hollywood . . . has never been happier since she became a blonde . . . said she never enjoyed posing for pictures as much as for these . . . it gave her a chance to exercise . . . and work up an appetite.







Her Name Was *Galatea*

Another of the untold stories in the private lives of Hollywood personalities!



"This is Alice Crane," introduced Tania. "At least, that's what she thinks her name is. But it isn't. Her name is Galatea." She was awkward, but Tania would change that.



Tania's husband was a director. They loved each other dearly. He wanted her to give up work, but she kept refusing. "Someday I'll give it up and we'll have a baby."

THERE were six of us, all girls, at Claudette Colbert's that evening. And we were having so much fun that I was giving silent thanks for the town meeting my husband, as a civic-minded citizen and a tax payer in more or less good standing, was attending.

"Look at her!" Liza Wilson laughed as she nodded towards me. "Having the time of her life, isn't she? Don't you think, my pet, it's about time you stopped romping around as a farmerette, or whatever it is you're doing, and came down more often to the goings on down here in Hollywood. I hate to admit it, but we've missed you."

Oh, it was fun being missed and having a grand friend like Liza say so. And it was fun getting knee deep in girls' talk again and lolling in one of Claudette's luxurious sink-down-deep chairs and hearing about the people who had been my life for ten years, and having that feeling of being in the know again.

Tania Corey, who was sitting next to me, smiled. She has a smile that begins in her eyes and hardly ripples her generous mouth and is all the sweeter because it has a touch of sadness in it. Tania is one of my favorite girls in the whole world and one of the loveliest. She has hazel eyes flecked with gold that look like bits of star dust, and her smooth black hair folds around her small head like dark wings. But for all the smallness of her and for all her appealing femininity Tania is one of the most successful career girls in Hollywood. No, she isn't a star. But she is the answer to a star's prayers. Tania is tops as fashion designer out here. She is the reason for the glamorous clothes the stars under contract to her studio wear.

Tania Corey isn't her real name. But all the other things I've said about her are true.

"I miss you, too," she said looking at me. "But I envy you from the bottom of my heart. You're riding your luck. Hang on to it."

That's almost exactly what she told me the morning I was getting married. Tania was practically the only one of my friends who approved of my giving up my career and doing as my husband wanted, learning to bake and cook and feed chickens and take care of a garden and be there when he left mornings and when he came home at night instead of streaking off to Arrowhead or the desert or any other place an editor's idea for a story might send me. It's funny about Tania. For a career girl she certainly leans towards the old idea of a woman's place being in the home.

Liza grinned, for Tania is the last person in the world to spout a theory like that, Tania who is off to New York or Paris on a moment's notice, Tania who has spent many a night at the studio pouring over a tricky set of designs, and then has sent out for black coffee in the morning, and spent the day on them too.

But I didn't grin because I know why Tania feels like that. And I remember the awful day that made her feel that way too. You see, life began hurting her a long time ago when revolution came to Russia. Tania has a title of some sort. I heard it once, but I've forgotten it. Maybe that's because Tania wants to forget it. After all when a girl of six has seen her father shot because of his title she would want to forget that once she was a countess or a princess or whatever it was Tania was called. And then, too, when a woman loves a man the way Tania loves Bill Corey I guess she prefers his name to any title in the world.

Tania and Bill had been married a year when I first met them. They had everything two people could want, love and good looks and youth and success. Bill was a top flight director and Tania was first assistant to the fashion head of the same studio.

When you saw them arriving at the studio together chuckling over some little

Tania spent weeks transforming Alice, supervising the exercises that began to give her grace. Teaching her to walk evenly by the "book balance" method.



There were unexpected consequences when Tania, a Pygmalion-minded fashion designer, created a Galatea who was far too alluring

joke they had between them, holding hands absolutely unabashed and kissing each other goodbye outside of Tania's office and not giving a darn who was there to see them, they made you think everything you'd ever heard about love was true. They were head over heels in love and didn't care who knew it.

Only once did I hear anything that could be vaguely described as a quarrel between them. And even when I say *vaguely* I'm exaggerating. For though their words came furiously, their eyes were shining with the excitement that always lay there between them.

"And do you know what that Bill wants now," Tania said as I walked in on them. She has a quick way of talking, her hands moving as fast as her lips and she was shrugging her slender shoulders in make-believe annoyance. "He wants me to give up my work."

"Why not?" Bill said in that lazy voice of his that was such a contrast to Tania's impetuousness. "I love this gal and I'm selfish. I want her home when I'm there. Do you know what? She was at the studio until three this morning."

"Listen, Bill," Tania leaned forward and her eyes were shining. "Some day I'll give it up. And then we'll have a baby," she checked herself laughingly. "No, we won't have a baby. We'll have a dozen babies and we'll have enough money so that none of us will ever starve or be cold or afraid."

"Listen to the gal!" Bill scoffed. "My salary isn't exactly peanuts, you know."

"No," Tania said gravely. "But we have to spend so much of it. Hollywood is so wonderful but it is so expensive, too. And what about the time when maybe you won't make it any more. Hollywood is full of people who thought that it would always rain gold pieces for them. I want security.

"Lucky young American that you are, you haven't wandered up and down the streets clutching your mother's hand and crying because she is crying and because you are hungry. And you haven't shivered with cold in a room without heat and sat up all night helping your mother embroider for the fine dressmakers and knowing the money when it came would only take care of a few days' food and there wouldn't be any left over for coal or clothes. And being afraid all the time, you don't know what that means either. No, Bill, when we've saved enough so that we'll never have to worry again for the rest of our lives I'll stop. But not before."

Bill took her in his arms and his blonde head was pressed close against her small dark one. And I could have told Tania something then, for I saw his eyes. And they were hungry eyes. People don't starve for food alone. [*Continued on page* 76]

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

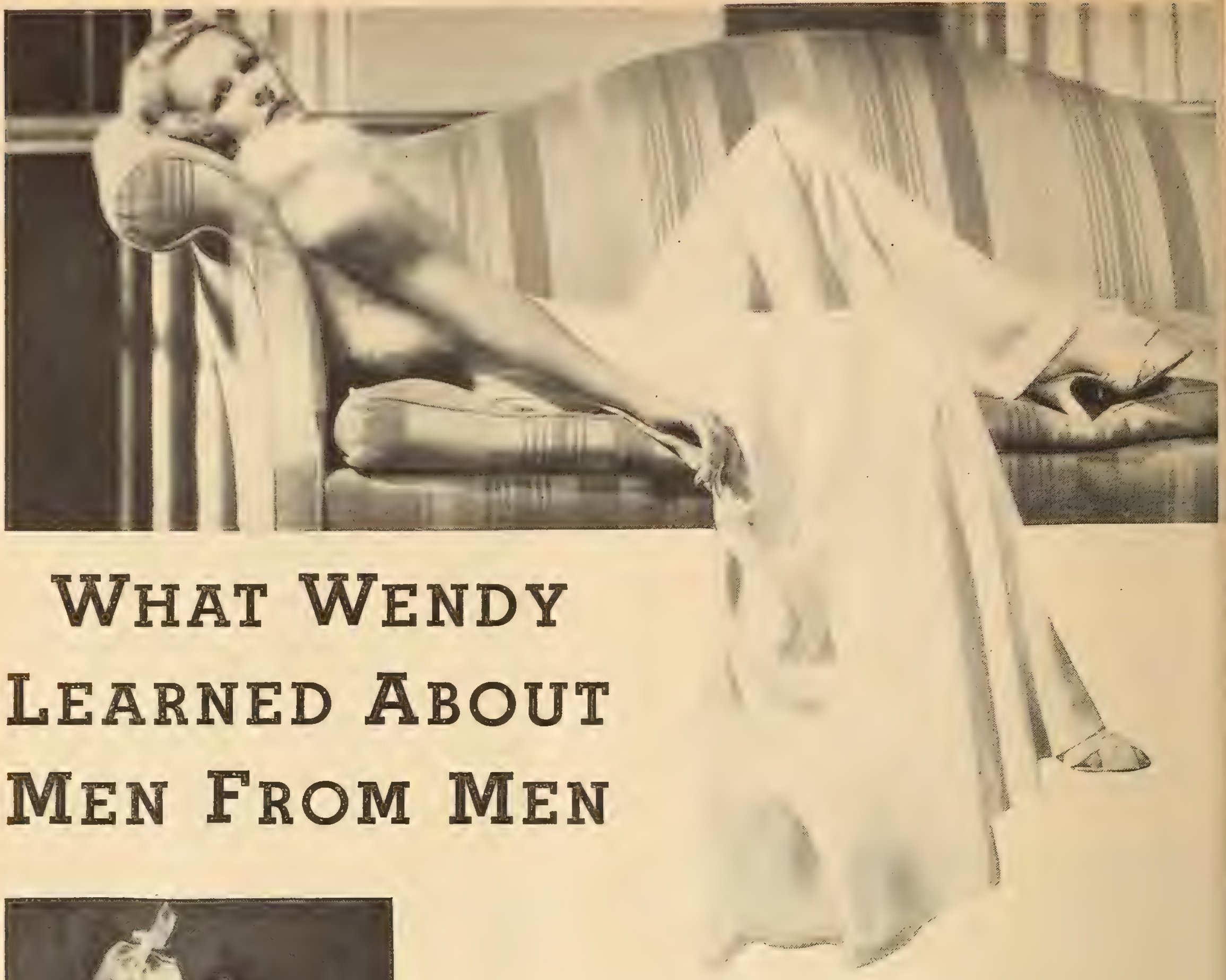
Exclusive photos by Hanley Studios



One day Alice broke and suddenly ran from the set in tears. Bill went after her, pulled her back and then put his arms around her and held her close, as if he couldn't help it.



"There now!" said Tania triumphantly, "what do you think of Galatea now?" The transformation was breath-taking. But you couldn't help but feel she was a shell and not a human being at all.



What Wendy Learned About Men From Men



"Too many women try to learn about men from other women," confides vivacious Wendy Barrie, who's a real menace to masculine peace of mind in Hollywood

Left: Wendy has a dance rehearsal with Edward G. Robinson on the Columbia lot. *Below:* Wendy with Reginald Gardiner, whose name was linked with Hedy Lamarr's before her marriage to Gene Markey.

By Helen Louise Walker



WENDY BARRIE had been in Hollywood for two or three months when suddenly the feminine contingent began to sit up and take notice—bristling slightly the while, one noted. It wasn't that she was—yet—an immediate menace to those in the very top spots of the profession. It wasn't just her beauty or her smart clothes. We'd known about those from the beginning. It was simply that practically overnight she had calmly assumed first place on the list of Young Ladies Young Men Want to take Places. She had become Hollywood's first belle. And this during a season when there weren't nearly enough eligible men to go round anyhow. No one had suspected her of these talents at first. What in the world had happened?

Wendy says, with a twinkle, "You can learn a lot about men and how to get along with them—*from men,* if you'll pay attention. I began learning almost before I got here."

You see, she had met a man on the ship coming from England. He was British and handsome and he was on his way to Hollywood, too. There were, one supposes, the usual moonlit nights and the two of them with enormous plans for fame and fortune and excitement and, oh well, *you* know! And pretty soon they were both here in Hollywood and, among the sea of new faces, his looked to Wendy like a familiar and trusted one. So they saw a lot of each other and Wendy introduced him to the new people she was meeting because, somehow, he didn't seem to be making new friends as fast as she was. It was all great fun.

"And then, d'you know," she says, with real horror in her eyes even now, "I found that he had been exploiting my friendship, trying to make money because of it, here and there! He had even said unkind and untrue things about me. He had estranged some of my new women friends. It was really a dreadful blow! He had warned me not to trust women too far. I wound up not trusting anyone."

Wendy withdrew into a bitter little shell and brooded. It wasn't fun meeting new people any more. She went into her first Hollywood picture, "It's a Small World," so tense, so taut that she could scarcely work at all. Spencer Tracy was the star.

"He was so kind to me," she recalls. "I couldn't see why—then. He helped me to relax by making me laugh, making me talk and forget my self-consciousness. He encouraged me and advised me and coached me. I began again to feel that there were nice people everywhere. . . .

"Then something else happened. An old friend of the family who was aware of what had been happening to me, gave me a real lecture. 'If you're wise you'll save a lot of heartache by learning one masculine trait,' he told me. 'Learn to take people, especially men, at their *face value* and keep matters on that basis for a long time. Enjoy them. Try to make them enjoy you. But don't give your heart away or your close [*Continued on page* 72]

Below: **Wendy with Chester Morris in a scene from "Pacific Liner." Wendy believes that you can learn something about how to attract men from every man you meet.** ***Lower left:*** **With Otto Kruger in "I Am the Law," a Columbia Picture. Her latest is "Day-time Wife," with Ty Power and Linda Darnell, for Twentieth Century-Fox.**







George Gives His Side of It—*and How!*

George Raft, who's been accused of being far too temperamental to get along with, denies the accusation.

By Robert McIllwaine

THERE are three sides to every question—your side, the other side and the truth! You've never heard George Raft's side of things. His studio's? Yes. In fact, heretofore, everyone's but his, including casual bystanders on Hollywood Boulevard. They all know how difficult George Raft was. They hadn't, however, ever heard of George's reasons for acquiring such a reputation.

Even among writers Mr. R. wasn't too well thought of, because he'd give no interviews. Well, that was Raft's way of trying to keep peace. He couldn't pan his own studio and, with things as they were, he certainly couldn't be complimentary. So, he kept silent.

But there's an old saying—"Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you." Well, George, until going to Hollywood, always had adhered to this and seemed to get along fine. He'd always set his own routines and no one criticized. But the minute he donned make-up and stepped in front of a camera *everyone* told him what to do and how to do it. Now this was fine, too, until they started steering Raft the wrong way. Then it was time to call a halt. George is a good business man and knew it would ruin his career in pictures if he didn't speak up.

No one can deny that Raft, after a promising start, had more than his share of mediocre movies. When no change was forthcoming, that's when the fun really began, or, to be more accurate, the fireworks started.



Through no fault of his own, George Raft found himself on the spot in Hollywood. So he fought. And won out! But for a while it didn't look as if he would.

Usually a man of few words, and those simple ones, George wasted no time in clearly speaking his piece.

And then began his "A.W.O.L." departures from the studio sets which became more and more frequent. For, at the slightest provocation, George would lace up his shoes—with the famous heels—throw in a couple of suits that have been reputed to make Jacob's "coat of seven colors" blush with shame, and be off. Was it any wonder that his studio dubbed him unruly? No more so than his refusing to be washed up by a series of unsympathetic parts in bad stories.

"Why, you know, it was bad enough to play the worst kind of guys," explained George, "but then they began giving me every unknown cuitie on the lot to try out as a leading lady. I'm no miracle man and how they expected me to carry an inexperienced actress and myself, too, is beyond me.

"I begged them to lay off and give me a break. If I had to play with amateurs, the least the studio could do was give me parts where I could justify my bad actions. I pointed out that in my most successful pictures I had a sympathetic role. That's why the public liked me. Because I was a bad guy who eventually went straight. But they'd hear none of it. They knew best. They wanted me to be a guy that had no good qualities at all. An out-and-out thug. I don't like that. It was something that had to be corrected or George Raft wouldn't be in pictures much longer."

And George was determined to stay in pictures. He'd come a long way from his lowly start in a Tenth Avenue tenement district in New York City. He'd been a prize fighter, a baseball player and a dancer. As a boxer he fought for two years without startling success. As a ball player he was an outfielder on the Springfield (*Mass.*) Eastern League team, but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average didn't compare favorably with his fielding average. But as a dancer George did go places. Literally and figuratively, because he not only danced in the leading cities of the United States, but in all the capitals of Europe. He was one of the world's fastest dancers. Director Rowland Brown convinced George he could be just as successful in motion pictures as he was as a dancer. So George gave up his dancing shoes and went to Hollywood. And eventually found himself on the spot, through no fault of his own. So he rebelled.

"Why, I remember," continued George, "having a friend send me the print of a French film called 'Algiers.' Not just the script, mind you. The completed picture. I was interested in the role of *Peppy La Moca* and had taken an option on the American rights, hoping I'd have a chance to do it for my studio. I took it into the projection room and showed it to the powers-that-be. Well, they couldn't see me in 'Algiers' for high hell. Said it wasn't my type role. Can ya tie that? I was plenty burned. I didn't speak to them for quite a while after that. I was afraid of what I might say. But finally I figured it was pretty silly to be always fighting and dropped in to see them again. The first thing they did was tell me I'd been assigned to appear in a sea picture with Gary Cooper. It was called "Souls At Sea." I read the script and could see immediately that as usual my part was awful and would do me nothing but harm. Why they had me ruining the girl and stealing pennies from Gary's pockets while he was out for the count. I refused to play the part and again we agreed to disagree. They decided to get someone else to do the part. That was okay with me. It was a gentleman's agreement. If I didn't want to play it that was okay with them, too. Next thing I know the publicity department sends out the news that I've deliberately walked out on the picture at the last minute and seem to be just as temperamental as ever. Then I really went to bat with them! They finally agreed to make drastic revisions in my part and change the ending. So I did the picture.

"If you remember there was a kid in it named Olympe Bradna. I discovered her for them and what did they do to her? Gave her roles she wasn't suited for. And she was a kid who could have gone places in the right roles."

With a sigh of despair, Raft continued, "The next thing I did was take twenty-five grand of my own money and buy the screen rights to 'The Earl of Chicago.' I begged them to do it for me. 'It's not right for you, George,' they said. But, honestly, the story was a natural for me. And there's a million laughs in it, too. Natural situ-

[*Continued on page 73*]



Right: **George, former boxer and ball player, still keeps in tiptop physical shape.** ***Below:*** **At the races with his favorite girl, the wealthy Virginia Peine. Norma Shearer is just a friend, he insists, whenever the gossips link their names.**





Boris Karloff is at it once again in creepy "Tower of London"

Reviews

Direct from the West Coast

FIRST LOVE

CINDERELLA COMES TO TOWN—*Universal*

DEANNA DURBIN is growing up. In this picture she successfully hurdles the jump from adolescence to sub-deb age. She has a real first love and a real first kiss. It's all quite Cinderella-ish, but it's with such freshness that you have to be a mean old sourpuss to complain. Deanna plays the poor relation of a rich and insufferable family of society snobs. When she graduates from finishing school she has to make her home with this insufferable family who are very nasty to her—but, in the good old tradition, she wins the love of the servants who proceed to get her to a big party where she meets Robert Stack, who gives Deanna her first kiss. Helen Parrish plays her snooty debutante cousin, and Leatrice Joy (*who got a big welcome back at the preview*) her snooty socialite aunt. Eugene Pallette plays the gruff old uncle who softens under Deanna's wholesome young charms. In the course of the picture, Deanna sings "Home Sweet Home," "Amapola," and "One Fine Day" from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." It's her sixth successful picture. Which is quite a record for a star in Hollywood.

DAY-TIME WIFE

MARITAL DISCORD A LA MODE—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

TYRONE POWER, America's Heart Throb Number Two, departs from his weighty historical characterizations in this picture and becomes once more a gay, carefree and amusing young man. And a mighty handsome one, too. Teamed with him in this sprightly comedy is Linda Darnell making her second screen appearance—remember her debut in "Hotel for Women?" Linda has beauty and freshness and proves herself a good trouper. The story is the one about the wife who decides to do something about her husband and his secretary. So she gets a job as secretary to another business man, who just happens to be one of her husband's clients. Of course, the foursome turn up in a night club and complications follow, as well as some gay dialogue. A crack on the husband's head eventually straightens everything out beautifully. The picture is well cast, with Binnie Barnes playing a snoopy girl friend, Wendy Barrie Ty's secretary, and Warren William Linda's boss.

[*Continued on page 75*]



Right: **Gale Page, Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla Lane in "Four Wives."** ***Below:*** **Deanna Durbin and Helen Parrish in "First Love."** ***Lower right:*** **Linda Darnell and Ty Power in "Day-time Wife."**



Finagling Among the Stars

By George Amon

A marvelous new brain teaser which will have you frantic if you don't know your stars very well



ARE you a "finagler?" In the words of Funk & Wagnalls, do you "like to achieve your purpose by artifice or trickery?" If you are the kind of person who peeks when playing solitaire, then this game is for you. And your conscience need not bother you, for in this game of hidden stars, it's legitimate to chisel!

You need not start these puzzles at the beginning and go through the various stages to the answer. Just pick up your clues anywhere that's convenient, then piece them together to get the solution.

Here's the way it goes:

EXAMPLE: Begin with half of a child's cry for its father; add a view, as of an avenue; subtract half of a child's expression for "thank you"—to get the little lady who has been many times called the screen's best dramatic actress.

SOLUTION: DA plus VISTA gives DAVISTA minus TA equals DAVIS *(Bette)*.

That's all there is to it. But if the going gets too tough, you may fall back on the last resort of all finaglers—just peek on page 79 for the right answers.

1. Begin with a reddish-brown color; subtract an injury from scalding; and add an effort—to get the singing star who was discovered by the late Will Rogers.

2. Begin with the way you serve hen's fruit on toast; subtract what your bad tooth did before the dentist pulled it; and add the state of your health when you're not sick—to get a suave gentleman of the screen.

3. Begin with what a creditor will do to you if you don't pay up; add something that is trim and shapely; then subtract the word meaning to or toward—to get the actress who played a waitress in "When Tomorrow Comes."



4. Begin with a cog-wheel; subtract the organ of hearing; and add a synonym for competent—to get the he-man star who lives with his wife on their 14-acre farm.

5. Begin with a word meaning an apprehensive mood; subtract an offer to buy; add two verbs of action; then subtract a conjunction—to get the comedian who is beloved for his charming, hesitant manner.

6. Begin with what a brave man is noted for; subtract a word for else; and add the first name of that Tracy fellow—to get the singing Yankee who recently played in a picture with an ex-Olympic winner.

7. Begin with an enclosure for small animals; add a luxurious white fur; and subtract something belonging to me—to get one of the male stars of "Beau Geste."

8. Begin with the sixth tone of the diatonic scale; add the first name of a comedian by the name of Herbert; subtract a letter in the alphabet that an English cockney is always dropping; and add 2000 pounds—to get the name of a famous English actor. [*Continued on page* 79]





Extreme Upper right: William Powell. *Above:* Hedy Lamarr. *Upper left:* Gary Cooper. *Left:* Irene Dunne. *Upper right:* Gene Autry. *Right:* Leslie Howard. Better remember these names!

Off To The Sunny South

Rosemary Lane models some lively sports costumes for the girl lucky enough to say goodbye to wintry winds





LEFT: Rosemary adores bright colors and this plaid gingham play dress is carried out in red, yellow, blue and orange. The full skirt is shirred at the waist and tied with a matching gingham sash, while the short blouse exposes a bare midriff. *Left center:* A dark blue and white checked cotton skirt with slit pockets and suspenders is worn with a casual white linen shirt and a short-sleeved flag-red linen bolero. *Below:* The very latest in tennis dresses is white silk jersey with a full flared skirt and comfortably loose blouse. *Right:* Knee-length culottes are *the thing* this season. These are slate blue sheer wool and have a wide band of lastex shirring directly in front, giving them a full-skirted appearance. The long-sleeved tailored blouse is striped in slate blue, plum and white. *(See next page.)*







Rosemary is one of the vivacious Lane Sisters now starring in Warner Brothers' "Four Wives," a sequel to the popular "Four Daughters." She is the one who sang so beautifully, and planned for a brilliant career

LEFT: A simple day-time dress of the type so necessary for resort wear when active sports are out for the moment. The flared skirt is of black and white checked silk taffeta, and the fitted white over-blouse is of heavy white linen trimmed on the tiny collar, cuffs and peplum with handmade Irish lace. Truly very attractive.



ROSEMARY lets her great love for bizarre color combinations run riot when it comes to slacks' outfits. *Left center:* Her full slacks and kid playshoes are of white which contrast strikingly with the hip-length blouse of lightweight wool jersey in a zig-zag design of green, red, orange, blue, yellow and white. Her miniature pillbox with its graceful back drape is of the same zig-zag material. *Below:* A smart slacks costume of silk seersucker with the trousers and trim bolero striped in oxford grey and white and worn with a bright green silk jersey blouse and sash. *Right:* For motoring or sight-seeing Rosemary likes this suit, the skirt of which is light weight navy blue gabardine striped in dusty pink, matching her pink gabardine tailored jacket. A tailored pale grey silk shirt is worn with this and a pink bandeau of the gabardine, instead of a hat.





Pictures on the Fire!

By
Dick Mook

Watching them film important forthcoming productions, giving you actual dialogue from interesting scenes and chatting with the players who are featured in them

WHAT a month! I get back from a vacation, that wasn't a vacation; only to find "The Rains Came" in Los Angeles when they weren't supposed to and the Chamber of Commerce is having conniption fits, having practically guaranteed to tourists that it only rains here in January and February. Everyone had been writing me the studios were dead and they're simply humming and, most treacherous of all, the James Cagneys, who were supposed to go to their farm in Martha's Vineyard while I was away, so I could visit them there (*but didn't*) are leaving almost as soon as I get back. The only consolation is that the Pat O'Briens haven't yet got into their new home so I'll be here for the house warming. None of this, however, has anything to do with the pictures that are being made so we'll get on to that and start with—



"You see them?" asks Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Emil, who answers, "Of course, I see them. The little red rod-like shapes are the tubercle bacilli." The doctor is Edward G. Robinson; Emil is Otto Kruger. It's a very important scene from "Dr. Ehrlich."



Above: Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a spicy scene from "Strange Cargo." *Right:* Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Madeleine Carroll, Tullio Carminati and Lynne Overman in a scene from "Safari," a Paramount Picture, about life and love in the African jungles.

Paramount

MR. CROSBY, Mr. Bob Hope, and Miss D. Lamour are still engrossed in "The Road to Singapore." I've already told you about that one, but I drop on to the set to say "hello." "Hi, S.R.," Bing calls, spotting me. "I can't come out to shake hands as I'm trapped in here with Lamour."

"Well, what are you kicking about?" I argue. "Many a man would sell his soul to be in your seat, and you're even being paid for it."

Miss Lamour squeals with delight and the rest of the cast and crew haw-haw so I retire on that one and proceed to the next set where—

"GOOD Old Siwash" is shooting. When I was a kid (*gosh, I can't be* that *old!*) the Siwash college stories were all the rage and here, after all these years, Paramount is bringing them to the screen with "Golden Boy" Holden as the hero.

This scene is right at the beginning of the picture where Holden is on his way to Siwash College. It's on the train and James Seay (*pronounced Shay*), captain of the track team, is trying to pledge Holden to his fraternity. But Philip Terry (*of another fraternity*) has had a wire from a "brother" telling him to nab Holden as Bill's old man has plenty of dough. So Terry and Richard Denny are browsing through the train looking for Bill when they spot him with Seay. They go back into the next car (*where Seay's berth is*) and strew the clothes out of his suitcase all over the aisle, then send the conductor looking for Seay to tell him. As soon as Seay leaves Holden to see about his clothes they slip into his empty seat.



Errol Flynn and Randolph Scott in a tense scene from Warners' "Virginia City." Errol is saying to Randy, "You *may* have me hanged or shot—if the South lasts that long. In fact, you'd better. Because if I ever run into you again, anywhere, any time—I'm going to collect for that tunnel, every foot of it!"

"You know who that man is you were just talking to?" Terry demands.

"Sure," says Bill cockily. "Name's Andrews, captain of the track team. Mighty good fellow, too!"

"It's not really our affair," Denny whispers confidentially, "but he's one of the slickest confidence men in these parts. Works the same game every year."

"Gets hold of new students," Terry takes it up, "offers to take them to his house, borrows money and skips to work another college."

"He's a smooth article all right!" Denny rushes on. "Why [Continued on page 80]





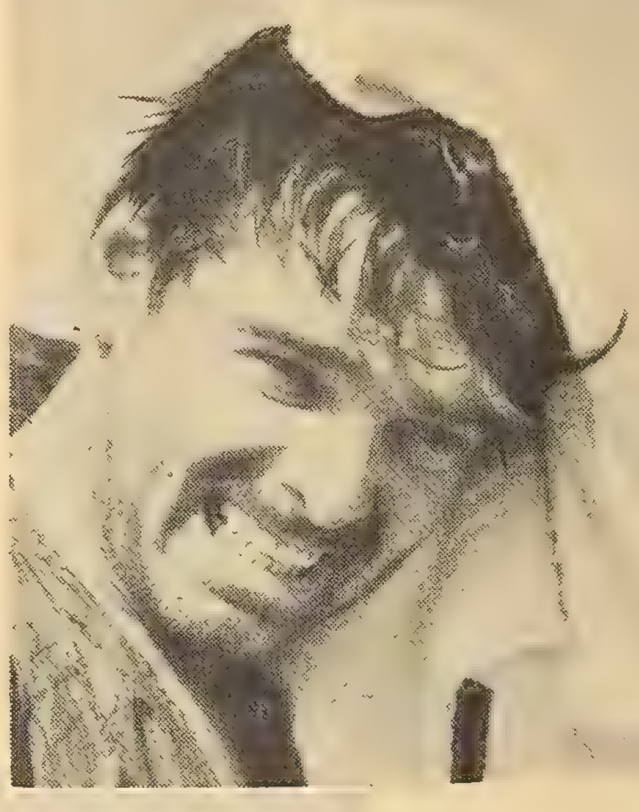
Above: **Jeanette MacDonald as she appears in "New Moon," in which she's again co-starred with Nelson Eddy.** ***Left:*** **Robert Young, Lee Bowman are berated by Irina Baronova in a scene from "Florian." Florian's the horse.**

"On Location" with Joan

Exclusive Photos by Gene Lester

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and other players in "Strange Cargo," went to great discomfit in order to bring you vivid realism







These location scenes were taken on the beach at Pisino, California, which is 200 miles from Hollywood. The cast reported for work at 7 a.m., but had to wait around an hour until a wintry fog lifted. *Above:* In front of the portable, roofless dressing rooms *(which can be assembled in a few minutes)* are seen Clark and Joan, the former surrounded by a few of the localites and Joan busy knitting, with a script girl and a secretary. *Right:* Clark had plenty of duckings during the day's work. *Below:* Joan gets a rubdown from Abdullah, Clark's masseur. *Lower right:* Clark, John Arledge and Director Frank Borzage discuss the big fight scene.



Right: Only two "takes" were required for the fight scene, but for the close-up Clark had to fall into the water eight more times! Some fun, eh?



and Clark

Below: The fight scene in which Clark gets knocked into the water by Albert Dekker. Joan has back to camera. John Arledge is inside boat. J. Edward Bromberg stands at side. Clark is in water at left.





Above: Ian Hunter with Joan walk across the dunes as the camera, on a track, follows them along the sand. A huge spotlight, for balanced lighting, also was continually focused on the moving figures. Nevertheless, Joan was chilly in her skimpy, tattered dress.

Director Borzage with Joan.



Left: Clark's stand-in lies in icy water as camera is focused. *Below:* Clark in same position for actual shooting.



Checking on Their Comments

[Continued from page 15]

she isn't satisfied. She wants to do Serious Things. You know, act. When and if she acts now, nobody notices. But let Dorothy tell you—

"I hope people won't misunderstand what I'm about to say about sarongs. Heaven knows, I'm thankful I was given the opportunity to wear six inches of Polynesian print and thereby become a movie star. Because of my sarong I can wear mink and gold lamé gowns now in private life, but secretly nobody knows how tired I am of wearing a sarong. I've been wrapped up in one of those darn things so many times I'm beginning to question my ancestry. Things have come to such a pass that whenever I'm cast in a picture, the studio immediately begins searching the local zoos for the meanest, nastiest ourang to follow me about the jungle.

"Just for once I'd like to go through a whole film dressed like Park Avenue. Sacheting around in one primitive print after another certainly makes a girl appreciate those little numbers Hattie Carnegie whips up. But things are looking up, because in 'Disputed Passage' I got as far as a pair of long, slinky, Chinese pajamas and, since I'm not the type that gives up easily, I'll just wait around and some day I'll get my chance.

"In the meantime, I'm seriously considering going to court to obtain an injunction to protect my rights to the sarong. I've found a gold mine in my little Malayan wrap-around. The other movie girls can have their Oomph, but I'll keep my sarong."

There, there, Dottie, it's all sarong. But, when you stop to consider, how many can act (*more or less*) and how few can wear a sarong (*more or less*). Stick to your South Sea step-in and let the ladies without lyric knees wrench our hearts. Dottie, you're our idea of a double feature.

HOW does it feel to be married to a screen idol when you yourself are a film luminary, up close to the top in your own right? Does jealousy get mixed with the order of the day? I asked Barbara Stanwyck, married to Robert Taylor, a couple of days after they arrived in New York on a long delayed honeymoon. Said Barbara:

"I like it—so far. It's like having a—a —a lightning rod. No indeed, I don't mind. Not even when the girls crowd around, push me aside and demand his autograph. Besides they ask me now and then, too.

"Our real problem lies in adjusting our home life to our work. We never see each other until 7:30 o'clock at night—if we're lucky, and there's no night shooting on either of our schedules.

"I'm up at 5 or 5:30 in the morning, at the studio by a quarter to 6. Bob is asleep then. He needs all he can get. I'm off at dawn because an actress has to go through a long period of make-up. And a hair-do. Bob doesn't get up until 7 or 7:30. He can sleep on the powder and grease paint. And just comb his hair.

"Then, when we meet at dinner, we have a rule against discussing studio problems. But afterwards we have to learn our parts for the next day's shooting. Bob absorbs his easily. It's harder for me. I'm a slow study. So we can play but little, unless we both happen to be between pictures. That's just happened. Can marriage survive all this? We're working hard at it and hoping."

Maybe that lack of breakfast table domesticity has its good points. Matrimony and marmalade mix with difficulty. As for the rest, marriage in Hollywood probably has as good a chance as anywhere. It all depends on the folks involved, the breaks, the real honesty on both sides.

Her Own Worst Enemy

[Continued from page 25]

there?" "Such a girl," groaned Janey again, "hasn't much chance of being a Mata Hari, either in real life or on stage or screen. The deep, dark heart of me," grinned Janey, "doesn't photograph!"

Eddie Albert had just passed by, and Janey had referred to her "heart." I hastily added two and two together and made one, and said to Janey: "I read that you and Eddie are romancing, are going to get married, are . . ."

"Married?" screamed Janey . . . she yells things at you, yells (*I am sorry to say this, Jane*), just like school-girls do when they get excited, "Married? Me? Oh, Heavens, no! *Gosh,* no! I know it was printed in the movie columns and it's so embarrassing. There I am, working on the sets with Eddie all the time, in *Invisible Stripes,* in *Brother Rat and the Baby,* and how do you suppose it makes me feel? Ridiculous, that's how. I feel a fool. And there's not a word of truth in it. We've gone out together several times and that's that. Why, even if I wanted to get married, which I don't, not yet, not by a long shot, I wouldn't be worth any husband's board and keep. I wouldn't have time to say 'I do.' Do you realize that since last February I've made seven pictures?" Jane ticked them off on her fingers, *"Man Who Dared,"* she said, *"Each Dawn I Die, The Old Maid, Glamour Girls, We Are Not Alone, Invisible Stripes, Brother Rat and the Baby* . . . well, *really,"* she sighed, "the things people can think of . . .

"I didn't like myself a bit in *We Are Not Alone* in spite of all the kind things that were, incredibly to me, said about me. I saw the sneak preview. That *face* up there, that *accent,* I was so disappointed in me I could have *died!*

"I could go on about my faults so long we'd be here until doomsday . . . but they are such sappy little faults, not sins that are scarlet, not burning temptations which have not been resisted. One of my worst faults is my vagueness. About time, for instance. I have no more idea of time than a humming bird. About people, too, their names and faces and where I have met them and all that. I'm so vague, I'm almost rude at times. I have no style, no personality. That's a fault in any girl, one which should be corrected. I suppose that my very worst fault is my fear of people. A fear which is getting worse and worse when, with experience, it should be getting better and better. When I have to enter a room full of people I never know what to do or what to say, never know what to do with my feet and hands, never know whether to stand up or sit down. All I can think of is—quick, a razor and a bucket!

"I'm supersititious only about bears and rain. I mean, I believe that bears are good luck for me, that's why I sleep in a room full of Poohs. I just have to have them around. And I know that all good things happen to me in the rain. The first time I ever rode on a train, which, at the age of six was my dearest ambition, it rained. The first time I remember knowing that Santa Claus was coming, it rained. The first day I went to high school in a new red sweater and skirt it rained. The night I appeared in *Green Grow the Lilacs* at Jean Muir's workshop, where I studied drama, it rained. And, as I think you know, it was when I made my debut in that play that a talent scout from Warner Brothers saw me and asked me to come to the studio to make a test.

"The day I made the test it rained. The day I signed my contract with Warner Brothers it rained. It rained all the time we were making *Marked Woman.* It rained the day I made my most difficult scenes with Bette Davis in *The Old Maid.* It rained the day I first met Bette Davis which was, of course, gosh, yes, a day in my life! The first day we were on the set of *We Are Not Alone,* and I was scared almost speechless because I knew that part was going to challenge everything in me, we had a freak rain, right in the middle of summer it was. I took it for a good omen, that rain.

"When I found out that I was going to New York last year, my first trip to New York, it rained. I expect that when I fall in love, when I know that this is love, there will be a deluge. If there isn't," laughed Janey, "I'll run like sin. This is as good a time as any, I guess, to further denude myself of glamour by saying that I have no ideal man. You know, the way girls picture *him* in their minds, in their hearts. I haven't the vaguest idea what he looks like or even what I want *him* to look like . . . but I do say," said Janey, raising her head proudly, "I do say that I have intuitions and sound instincts about people and so I think I'll know him when we meet . . .

"Oh, I forgot to mention two other things I hate about myself. I hate my stubby, junky little fingers. They're so little they're no good for anything. Why

[*Continued on page* 74]



Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent Sub-Deb

Popular Senior

BOTH *Young Moderns* CHEER THE SAME *Thorough* SKIN CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:
Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:
What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even *touching* a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 7SS-CVB, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

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A Helping Hand From Hollywood

[Continued from page 17]

members of the official family, newspaper writers and radio men.

So successful was Ginger's visit that in 1937 Washington urgently requested more stars from Hollywood to swell the attendance at the birthday balls. They sent Jean Harlow that year to captivate official and unofficial Washington with her charm and personality.

Robert Taylor came, too, and so did Marsha Hunt, Mitzi Green, and John Trent, the latter a handsome air pilot newly selected for the Hollywood build-up. Sir Guy Standing arrived for the ceremonies, too, but before his first appearance he caught flu and was forced to spend a week in a Washington hospital.

Also on the guest list was Joe E. Brown, but he never arrived. Flying East, his plane was downed by fog. He came a few miles farther toward Washington by chartering a private plane, but that, too, was forced to land. It was reported that Joe's yells of disappointment rang through the Midwest, for he had brought with him a real birthday cake and a special horoscope for FDR.

Those who arrived and stayed out of the hospital had a hectic visit. Both Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor had bad colds, but both managed to stay on their feet to take the lead in the round of events.

The day before the birthday, they attended the usual round of press luncheons, receptions, dinners, and so on. At midnight, they were taken to the Federal Bureau of Investigation for a tour personally conducted by John Edgar Hoover. At 12:40, Jean Harlow was missed by the rest. The G-Men found her curled up in a big chair in Hoover's office—sound asleep.

1937 was the year that added a new hazard for feminine guests visiting Washington. At the Capitol, Miss Harlow was kissed by Senator Reynolds. Immediately, a photographer suggested that Robert Taylor visit the House of Representatives and kiss a Congresswoman. Taylor refused—but firmly.

That night all of the stars laughed when President Roosevelt, about to be photographed by newsreel cameramen, spoke to Taylor.

"Is my hair on straight?" he asked.

When the flying visit was completed, all of the stars left Washington with pleasant memories. But perhaps Washington's most pleasant recollection was of a grand girl refusing to be licked by a cold or a tough schedule. That was why many a Washingtonian felt a deep personal loss a few months later when gallant Jean Harlow died.

In 1938 the President was 56, and the largest group of stars yet to attend his birthday party arrived in Washington.

Janet Gaynor, who had just made "A Star Is Born," won the presidential favor.

"Cute as a button," the President described her. Immediately, sage showmen at United Artists announced that Miss Gaynor would appear shortly in a new picture. The title? "Cute As A Button." But it has never been made.

This was the year that Eleanor Powell joined the celebration. She assumed something of the glamour girl mantle and was soundly kissed, not by one, but by two Senators.

Belle of the ball was Zorina, dancing lovely who had just completed "Goldwyn Follies," which marked her film debut. She charmed feminine writers by her personality and her accent; male writers just gaped at her beauty.

One of the most popular visitors was Louise Fazenda, whose appearances won warm applause everywhere.

The invalid of 1938 was Fredric March, just recovering from a siege of grippe. But, accompanied by Florence Eldridge, his wife, he made every scheduled appearance.

Ray Bolger tapped merrily through the celebration that year, causing several critics to wonder (*in print*) why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer didn't give him a dancing role in pictures. Now, two years later, they are still wondering.

Joe E. Brown, who had started twelve months before, finally arrived in 1938—by train, and minus cake and horoscope, which had expired. Brown squired Louise Fazenda during the stars' tour of the White House. A photographer snapped the pair of them inspecting the President's private bathroom.

"Goodness, I hope they kill *that* picture," Louise squealed.

In 1938 the younger element of Hollywood was represented by Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, stars of "Adventures of Tom Sawyer." FDR grinned at Tommy, gave Ann a big hug.

At the Capitol, Eleanor Powell and Ray Bolger gave lessons in the Susie-Q and Big Apple to Senators Carraway, Pepper and others. A newsreel photographer suggested they come out on the steps and Big Apple for the camera.

When they got there, they found the lens being monopolized by Lady Nancy Astor. The two dancers waited.

"Anyhow, I bet she hasn't got rhythm," said Eleanor to Ray.

The celebrations that year ended as usual with the Gold Plate Breakfast. The Secretary of War danced with Zorina, much to the envy of lesser males, and everyone in sight tried to win a dance with Eleanor Powell.

The celebration of 1939 goes down in history as the year Errol Flynn stole the spotlight and lost his pants . . . fortunately, not at the same time. Besides Errol, the visitors included George Brent, Andrea Leeds, Annabella, Ralph Bellamy, Lili Damita, Bruce Cabot, Lionel Stander, and two repeaters—Eleanor Powell and Mitzi Green.

Some 27 officers and 225 men of the 5th Marine Regiment aided police in keeping autograph hunters in line. The President was 57, and the celebration, as always, was a mad rush for the guests of honor.

But about Errol Flynn's pants:

The trouble began the minute Flynn arrived in Washington. He was scheduled to ride the President's horse in the Birthday Horse Show at Ft. Myer two hours after his arrival—but a hasty check-up failed to reveal any riding breeches. The pants were lost, strayed or stolen.



Madeleine Carroll chatting with Rosalind Russell's boy friend, Richard Halliday, at the Beverly-Wilshire.

While Flynn charmed the press and ate a hasty supper, a worried major telephoned the cavalry post at Ft. Myer. At the last minute, a courier dashed into Flynn's suite with borrowed breeches. Miraculously, they were a good fit. And the star of the horse show arrived on schedule.

But Flynn's trouser trouble was only beginning. That night, when he was presented to Mrs. Roosevelt, the First Lady invited him to dinner at the White House Sunday evening.

Came Sunday evening, half an hour before time for the dinner, and it was discovered that the Flynn evening trousers were badly mussed. They were dispatched to a presser immediately, but the minutes began ticking away.

Five minutes before he was due at the White House, the star of "Robin Hood" was nonchalantly sitting in his hotel room, beautifully decked out in white tie, tails, even a top hat—but no pants. Again, only a last minute arrival saved the schedule.

Outside of his difficulties in assembling a complete wardrobe, Flynn was the favored star of all those who attended. But there were plaudits too—and plenty of them—for all of the rest.

Andrea Leeds was asked by one interviewer if she planned to marry Edgar Bergen during 1939. Her answer might disconcert her new husband, Mr. Howard. For she said:

"If I marry anyone this year, it will be Charlie McCarthy!"

Luise Rainer was 1939's representative on the sick list. Her visit to Washington was halted in New York, where she went to the hospital with a high fever.

Zorina's honors for accents were assumed for the season by Lili Damita, who was quoted by a staid Washington newspaper as having charmed dancers by announcing "So oppy to mit you all." Lili had other difficulties than accents, however. The year seemed a dangerous one for the Flynn wardrobe, for Lili's gown

[*Continued on page* 64]

Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

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Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars' lead—are enthusiastic about ACTIVE-lather complexion care. Hollywood's Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. ACTIVE lather leaves skin fresh and glowing, *really* clean. Try ACTIVE-lather facials regularly for 30 days—at any time during the day, ALWAYS at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for *your* skin.



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It's foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing. Use Hollywood's beauty care regularly!

A Helping Hand From Hollywood

[Continued from page 62]

had a train—and at one hotel, a heavy masculine foot descended on it.

When Lili took a swift step, off came the train. So while Errol told stories to the crowd, Lili (*behind a screen*) had her train replaced by a busy maid.

At the White House, Annabella's dewy loveliness made a sure impression. A society writer found only one person to whom she might be compared—the beauteous Ethel DuPont Roosevelt, who was present with her husband, Franklin, Jr.

George Brent amazed Washingtonians with his love for fresh air. A radio interviewer, revising a script for a broadcast with Brent, conferred with the star in his hotel room. Washington is cold and damp in January, but Brent had a window as wide open as it would go. The radio man had difficulty writing, he was shivering so much.

One of the most appealing of all the stories of this most recent celebration concerned Eleanor Powell. Returning for her second year, she missed a motorcycle policeman who had been her special escort the year before.

She was told that he had been hurt and was in the hospital. Whereupon she found time, in an already overloaded program, to pay a visit to the hospital and make a surprised cop very, very happy.

Perhaps the funniest story concerns a male star whose name is best not revealed. When the middle of the evening arrived, and he drove up to the White House for the presidential broadcast, he noticed there was a little time to spare.

Then he made a suggestion to one of his escorts, the escort told the chauffeur, the chauffeur told the motorcycle cop, and the cavalcade (*which had already entered the White House grounds*) moved out again.

With sirens screaming, the party rushed through the streets to an all-night restaurant on the waterfront. It was probably the first time in Washington's history that a limousine and police escort dashed across town in order that a tired Hollywood star could grab a quick one.

Names of the Hollywood headliners who will come East for the 1940 celebration had not been revealed when this article was written. But it is an axiom in show business that you must not let down—and that each succeeding show must top the last one. So it is that Washingtonians are looking forward to an influx of celebrities in a few weeks. And the fight against infantile paralysis will receive another big contribution—from Washington and from Hollywood.



Peter B. Good, who's featured in "Brother Rat and a Baby," seems rather skeptical about it being a Happy New Year as he winds up a hilarious celebration.

Betty Made It The Hard Way

[Continued from page 41]

out. They were dream people to me.

"Someone told me that Mr. Edwards' secretary lived in the hotel next to the theatre. I peppered her with letters that ran the gamut of entreaty."

The letters did a lot of fast springing, apparently, until they had chased the hapless secretary up a tree—from which she was, however, able to phone little Betty to appear before the impresario, ready to act.

"I showed up early with all the makeup I owned in a shoebox. The play was to be the stock company's version of 'Shanghai Gesture,' with Miss Reed playing her original part. With Miss Reed there I didn't expect to star but neither did I expect to end up as a Chinese girl behind a screen!"

She got lots of the same, after that. Any play that had a part where someone was glimpsed between eye-blinks and heard even less, was sure to require the services of our heroine. All of which is more than fair to a theatrical newcomer. And, besides, she did finally achieve fame in the Edwards' troupe as a hysterical maid who rushed into the drawing room to find Sir Montague Bagglesnaggs lying flat and as cold as a bottle of pop. Her scream was the best thing heard this side of Bangkok, India.

The scream did it. High school was alright for sissies who didn't adore mops that looked like Cyrano de Bergerac, but for Betty Field, *star extraordinaire* of the Edwards' Theatrical Titans, well. . . .

"I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in New York City. We acted out plays, accepted criticism and were packed off to see the right people act. Are such schools of real help? I don't really know." She paused to remedy a bad situation. There was no salad on her plate, some in the bowl.

"I don't think play producers pay much attention to the schools but some agents do. I do know that I'm the only girl in my class who's working. One of the boys, Garson Kanin, is directing movies; he did "A Man To Remember," which was a picture to remember. My teacher, Charles Jellinger, is lionized by people like Rosalind Russell and Jimmie Stewart when he visits Hollywood. Did you know I didn't graduate?"

She didn't graduate because she was busy learning an understudy part in "Sing And Whistle," which had Ernest Truex for its star. When they were passing out diplomas and speeches she was sitting in the wings of the theatre, hoping bad things for a certain actress. Nothing happened.

Miss Field had finished the salad bowl. She searched hopefully for a few spears of chives or lettuce, gave up and ordered dessert.

"I was sixteen and thrilled when I was sent to London to work in 'She Loves Me Not.' It was fun but I was dying to get home to the fat parts waiting for a girl with continental experience."

The fat parts, however, were just around the corner for her, prestige to the contrary. She took a few lines in "Page Miss Glory," and then accepted gratefully the understudy jobs that turned up. This was a trying period. She lived in cheap hotel rooms, she washed her stockings out every night and she ate at the *Maison Nedick,* an eating place well known to beginners in every profession in New York.

"At one time I lived with a girl and her two brothers in two rooms," Miss Field was now engaged seriously with a piece of cake. "The girl and I slept in the bedroom and the boys in the living room. They got up at 5:30 to go to work in New Jersey while we slept a proper late theatrical sleep. Then they'd come in tired and ready for bed and we'd be in the living room entertaining. So the boys would troop into the bedroom and go to sleep. After our guests left we'd wake up the boys, they'd go to their living-room beds and we'd take over the bedroom. It was fun. . . ."

Meanwhile she was the perennial understudy, disappearing in three or four shows at one time. But not once did colic or housemaid's knee, or any of the other maladies she dreamed up, inconvenience those she understudied.

And she had to know all of the lines and business correctly and not go stale in any of them even though she never got a chance to play them. Twice people were sick enough for a rehearsal to be called (*for Field*) but each time they recovered enough to come limping in just in time to go on. This shows what prayer will *not* do. . . .

But this acting in the dark was not to last forever. She tried out for a road company George Abbott was forming to put

[*Continued on page* 66]

...ever pack a suitcase?



How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally —it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too . . . for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!



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"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

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Betty Made It The Hard Way

[Continued from page 64]

on "Three Men On A Horse" in Boston. "I tried out for one part," she says, "and got another. A better one, it was the feminine lead, the wife of the greeting-card Longfellow. Joyce Arling created the role in New York and when she left the company they shifted me into that spot."

When "Three Men On A Horse" closed she fell into the part of the girl in "Boy Meets Girl" for four weeks in New York and a whole season on the road. Then, in succession, she appeared in "Room Service," "Angel Island" and then "What a Life," opposite Ezra Stone, himself one of the theatre's up-and-coming. After six months with this she was cast as the ingénue in "The Primrose Path," an effort very slightly related to primroses. Paramount's director, Tom Reed, saw her in it playing opposite Russell Hardie and signed her up quickly. (*Richard Watts Jr., the acidulous critic, said she was humorous, engaging and even touching in this*).

If you stop to consider that this girl is only twenty-one *now* and that she has forged up without benefit of agents (*except for movies*), you're apt to hear yourself doing a low whistle of astonishment. Miss Field, though, is not the pushing type.

For more specific statistics, let it be known that she is the daughter of George and Katherine Kearney Field. She stands five feet five inches tall and weighs in at 110. She really does ride, and often. Her present apartment once belonged to an artist and he painted the bathroom full of nudes. She says she wants to wash the nudes too, everytime she bathes.

At the interview she was wearing a brown tailored suit and brown hat. She wore little makeup and practically no jewelry—only a leather bracelet and leather cuff links in the cuffs of her waist or shirt, or whatever a shirt is called when it finds itself on a woman's back. Suddenly she remembered that two other interviewers had seen her in the brown ensemble and gosh, people would think that she didn't have another suit, a blue one, at home in the closet. Miss Field has a blue suit at home in the closet—*advt.*

She loathes walking and the subway, but has a passion for sightseeing buses wherever she goes. She loves Helen Hayes and collects all the Hayesiana floating about. One cute bit concerns Monte Woolley, the star of "The Man Who Came To Dinner," currently on Broadway. Woolley was seated in the office of a throat specialist, exhibiting a sore throat. "Oooooh," bellowed Woolley in his upper register to show the doctor how he felt and at the same time occupy the center of the stage. "Wooooonh," he roared from his lower register, "you see, Doctor, I accomplish nothing today." With that a door flew open and a mousey-cute creature popped her head in from the next office, saying pertly, "Mebbe not, but you've broken three windows in here!" Naturally it was Helen Hayes.

At this writing Miss Field was in New York on a six month's leave from Hollywood and rehearsing with the ill-fated "Ring Two," a play concerning an old actress who moves to the country and has servant trouble. Backstage to visit her was Hollywood's Louise Campbell. They worked together in stock once, in Ivoryton, Connecticut.

Some time before the Ivoryton business, Betty was learning more about stock and acting in upstate New York. Perhaps, the best part of the engagement was that they had time to study the different stars who appeared with the company. One afternoon, watching Miss June Walker work onstage, she became so absorbed in Miss W's performance that she unconsciously drew her knitting from her bag and started the sleeve of the sweater she was making—and she was sitting in the front row. "Young lady," Miss W. interrupted the play, "if you must knit, I insist that you do it in the privacy of your home!" Miss F. was mortified, to say the least!

It was this unashamed enthusiasm, plus her youth, that made them call her "The Kid." Then when she went to London she found that she was older than most of the young crowd in the theatre and so she lorded it over them and no one mentioned the odious nickname. Hollywood isn't quite sure whether to take it up or not.

"Paramount is so big," she confessed, "that I felt lost for a long time. After all, I was used to the intimacy of the theatre, where a small group sits on the stage and works out problems. I think that maybe I liked the Hal Roach lot a little better because it's smaller."

Vastness isn't the only surprise she encountered in Hollywood. For over a year and a quarter she had played the part of Barbara Pearson in "What A Life" without any noticeable complaint from anyone. Naturally she thought she knew Barbara pretty well, at times almost too well. So you could have knocked her down with a studio cobweb when the makeup man handed her a dental brace and said: "Hook it on, Honey." She thought he had mistaken her for someone else but one look at her script told her the awful truth—the beauteous Barbara of the stage was the homely Barbara of the screen! Shades of Adolph Zukor!

"But," and she grinned, "everything worked out alright by the time they loaded the second reel into the camera. Off came the brace—I wore one once myself—and they waved the hair they had kept straight, and what a relief!

"But I like the movies. I enjoyed making 'Seventeen' better than 'What A Life.' And while 'Seventeen' was officially a 'B' picture, I think Paramount did an 'A' job on it. Perhaps it's because everyone loves the story of Willie Baxter and Lola Pratt. I wish I could have seen Ruth Gordon do the original Lola, twenty years ago. . . ."

At the age of one, Miss Field would most likely have registered her approval of the goings-on on the stage with violent chirpings. Now at twenty-and-one she herself was playing Lola in "Seventeen" but she was not the Lola Pratt Mr. Tarkington wrote about nor the one Miss Gordon portrayed.



Lovely Rita Johnson, whose latest is "Congo Maisie," starring Ann Sothern, believes in simple backyard sports.

In this 1939 streamlined edition, automobiles, radios and false eyelashes on Miss Pratt figure into it. Genesis, the colored servant, is briefly in and out, and the bread-and-butter-and-applesauce of little sister Jane is seen but not referred to. Willie's "Ye gods and little fishes" has lost the "and little fishes." Willie's father's tails are too big for him he says but they fit the much smaller Jackie Cooper perfectly—but that's Hollywood for you.

As Lola, Betty introduces something that Mr. Tarkington, for sure, has never even remotely heard of. It's a method of talk called, variously, "ski-talk" or "delayed-talk" and it goes like this: "Where'll it get you—in the end?" The dash indicates a pause and the voice goes up on what follows the dash. Some more of the same: "What are we having for dinner—mother?" and "What's that in the road—ahead?" and "What should I do when my wife drinks—likker?" Colonel Stoopnagle is reputedly the originator of it.

Floppit, the dog, is not Miss Field's own, really. Her mother has a kennel full of Irish water spaniels in Morristown and she shows them at all of the best shows, including Mrs. Hartley Dodge's annual dog show. No, if Betty had a dog it would be an Irish water spaniel.

But Betty Field's success is her own, definitely, and it seems more than likely to be a growing and ever-growing thing. She will have three movies about and she will be back in Hollywood working on other productions.

You could do worse than make book on Miss Field. . . .

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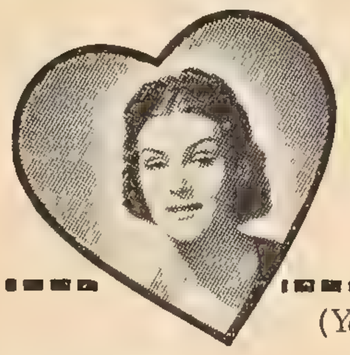
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Make the "Bite Test". When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

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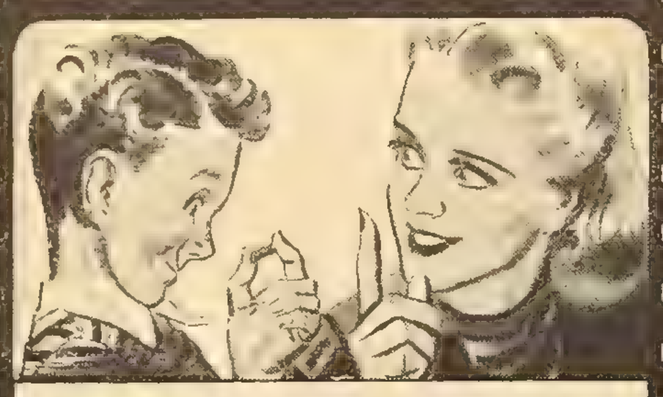
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TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you *will* like!



TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

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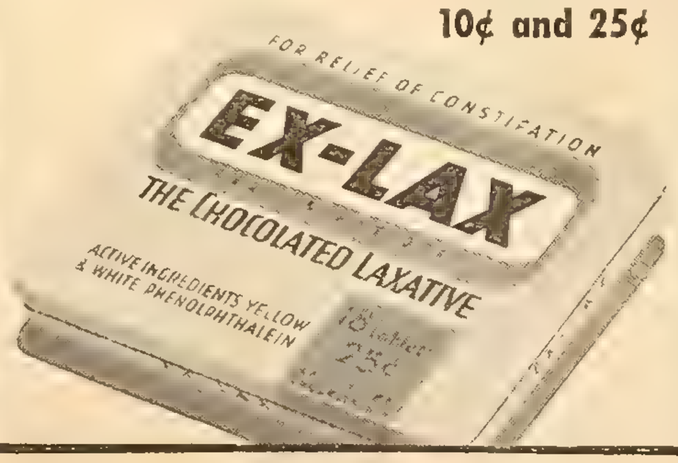


TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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She Still Has Too Much Sex Appeal!

[Continued from page 39]

to be less sexy in private life. But Mae does. She has more than her share of sex appeal. She always has had.

She was a saucy blonde of six when she first felt stage boards under her feet. The boards were in a vaudeville house in her native Brooklyn. The occasion was an Amateur Night. She sang, danced and did imitations. And she had something, even at the age of six. She vamped the judges into giving her second prize. The next week, she won first prize. The third time she appeared, Hal Clarendon, who had a Brooklyn stock company, went backstage, met her father—prize-fighter Jack West—and talked him into letting little Mae delight the customers of the stock company.

Clarendon changed his whole repertoire to include plays with child parts. Weeks when he didn't have parts for her, she went on solo between acts, doing songs, dances and imitations of Eva Tanguay, George M. Cohan and other headliners of the day. She had talents as a mimic. Later, those talents were to make her a writer. She could visualize personalities, picture what they would do in any situation, what they would say and how they would say it.

She was the wonder child of Brooklyn for five years. By that time, she was 11, too big for child parts, and not big enough for ingenue parts. She passed the next two awkward years in public school and dancing school. Then she started haunting vaudeville agents. She finally got a booking—as a shimmy dancer, with Harry Richman as her pianist. Shimmy-dancing, if you remember, required an eloquent chassis. That, Mae had. Age 14.

When she was 16, she played her first Broadway role. The character was a baby vamp. Sex appeal was demanded—and delivered. When she was "about 19," she wrote and starred in her first play. It was titled "Sex." Just that. No more—and no less. And did Mae live up to the title? The play ran two years.

She earned her reputation so young that, by the time she got around to Hollywood and picturing the Gay Nineties in "She Done Him Wrong," there were those who thought she had lived and loved in the Gay Nineties, herself.

Hollywood didn't have to manufacture a personality for Mae. She already had one.

"I play myself," she told me, "a *little* exaggerated. That's why I write my own stories. I don't like writing. I'd like to find someone who could do my scripts and let me sit back and just be the star. But I know my own personality as no one else does. I know what's natural for me to do and say, and what isn't. That's important. If you want audiences to enjoy what you're doing, you've got to enjoy it, yourself. You've got to be natural. You can't be forced.

"I won't do a scene unless I can feel it. I won't say a word unless it fits me. So they call me 'the most temperamental woman in Hollywood.' I can take it. I've got experience behind me, backing me up. I know that when you strain for an effect, you usually don't get it."



When June Lang returned to Hollywood from personal appearances in the middle west Hal Roach, Jr., dated her right away.

Few stars have screen personalities that are unique, individual. Charlie Chaplin is one. W. C. Fields is one. And Mae West is another. And what is the secret of being the only one of a kind? It seems to elude the other glamour girls. In fact, it seems to elude practically everybody. You see, practically everybody is trying to become something he isn't, and the secret is: Be yourself, as much as possible.

People may have said a lot of things about Mae, but they've never been able to say she isn't herself.

She was born with a lusty sense of humor. What did she do about it, when she discovered she was also born with a large supply of sex appeal? Did she try to put a check on the sense of humor, so people would take her more seriously? She did not. "What was the fun of having sex appeal, if I couldn't get any laughs out of it?" Mae wanted to know.

She kids about having more sex appeal than the censors are willing to allow—but it isn't this sex appeal that draws in the customers half so much as the zest she gets out of it. That's what makes her human. Which most screen sirens aren't, for most of them are putting on an act.

On the screen, Mae drops wisecracks and double-meanings by the gross—but it isn't an act because her characters don't say anything that she wouldn't be capable of saying, herself, under similar circumstances.

Her characters, for example, don't use slang. Mae doesn't, herself. They don't use big words, either. "I know a few," says Mae, "but they don't become me."

Mae, herself, doesn't say "ain't," though her characters do because Mae has fun expressing her personal belief that a girl can know all the answers, even if

she doesn't know her grammar.

One of the funniest things about Mae on the screen is that, in her brashest moments, she still has elaborate dignity. That isn't an act, either. Off the screen, she has even more dignity. With sex appeal like that, she has to have—in self-defense.

Most sirens are all alike. They operate on the theory that all they need to get their men is sex appeal and a thorough knowledge of feminine wiles. Mae's sirens are different, because they're realistic. They operate on the theory that the men may also have some wiles, and it's a good idea to keep a sharp lookout. Mae, herself, is a realist. Business dealings with men have made her that way. "I have my tricks, and I feel as if they must have theirs, so I kind of watch them."

Mae's sirens are franker than most. But, then, Mae is franker than most women. Being a business woman has made her that way, too. Taught her that you get results faster, dealing with men, if you don't beat around the bush.

Her big ambition is to play Catherine the Great. She was to do so last year, but the picture would have cost a fortune, and business conditions were sour—so it was called off until some future date. (*That's why you didn't see a West picture last year.*) The reason for her interest in Catherine is: "She went down in history as a woman who always got her man. And she had a lot of them. Smart men. I'd like to show how she must have done it. She couldn't have done it on looks alone. She must have been smart, herself."

Mae's sirens have an unusual attitude for sirens. Their attitude toward any man is: "When I want you, I'll call you." They put across the idea that they're in no hurry to be won. They'd like to look around a little longer. Mae is like that, too. She says she has never married because: "I've never met the man who made me feel 'This is the last man I want!' "

Her sirens aren't jealous of other women's attractions. Neither is Mae. Let the other girls have all the glamour they can get. She will still have something that no other woman alive has—that Mae West personality.



It's nice work if you can get it and Director George Fitzmaurice has it as he talks over an intimate scene with Isa Miranda for "Diamonds Are Dangerous."

Honey BEAUTY ADVISOR says "CHILDREN'S CHAPPED HANDS NEED REAL SOOTHING COMFORT"



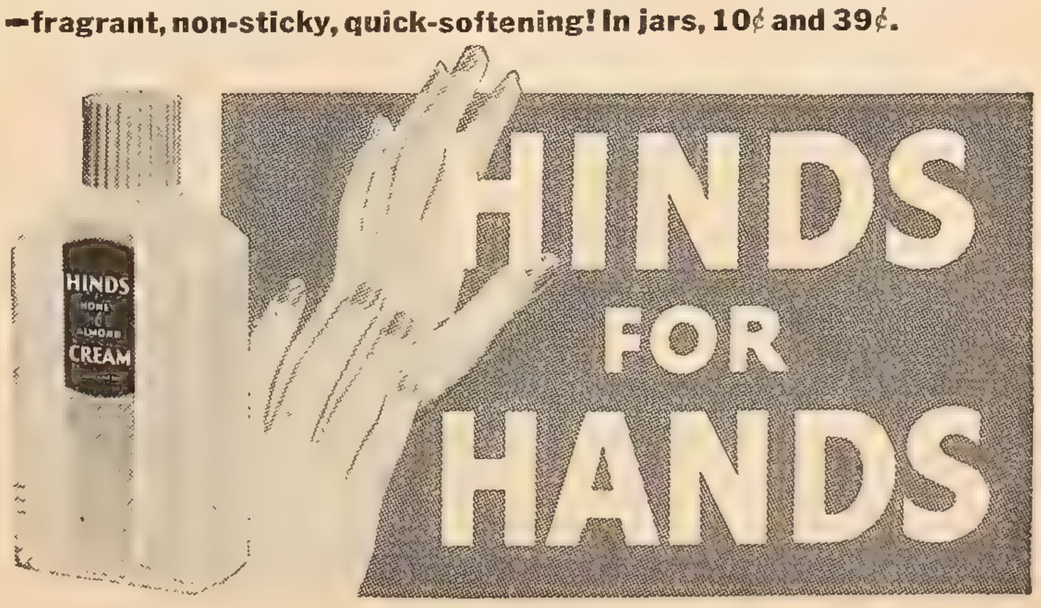
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How to Bring Out the Clark Gable in Any Man!

[Continued from page 23]

his he-manness, and his sense of humor. That's what we've got to bring out in our boy friends. Now I don't wish to crow it over you other dames too much, but for the past few years I've had a chance to know Clark pretty well—during his courtship of Carole and now out on their ranch in Van Nuys where they are so happily married. And I must say I've never met a more natural guy in all my life. There isn't the slightest bit of movie star *chi chi* about him, not a single affectation. None of this "now you've been admitted to the Royal Presence and aren't you impressed!" stuff.

He doesn't feel that he's the greatest actor God ever made, not by a long shot, he feels that he has just gotten a string of good breaks, and what a lucky guy he is. He's the first to tell you that he was "lousy" in such and such a picture, that he "hammed it up good," and that he's "just a farm guy at heart." He definitely isn't Little Theatre, and he isn't acting for Art, he's acting for money with which to stock his ranch and buy knick-knacks for his little bride.

As a guest in his home you are made welcome, and comfortable. If you want to prop your feet on a chair and drop ashes on the floor and let your glass make rings on the table it's all right with Mr. G. and the Missus. The Gable ranch is certainly no mausoleum, and neither is it a pig sty, it's simply a gay, friendly, comfortable home, where guests can be as natural as their host and hostess.

Dogs and cats are all over the place. Clark is fond of both. In the course of the visit you'll have to see his collection of guns, his saddles, and his new tractor. If you stay for dinner you'll probably have delicious hominy grits, fried chicken, and biscuits with gravy. You won't hear any Hollywood gossip about what Glamour Girl so and so said to Glamour Boy so and so at the Trocadero Saturday night (*the Gables are homebodies*), but you'll hear plenty about the hunting trip he and Carole took over the week-end, and how Carole's a better shot than he is.

All man—that's Gable. None of that Pretty Boy stuff and nonsense. Unlike the other leading men at his studio (*I won't call names*) he isn't at all fussy about his publicity and never re-touches his pictures. "Okay," he says, "so I look like a mug." Virile, adult, and handsome, he's been toughened plenty by the years of hardship that preceded his success, years in lumber camps, side shows, and pounding the sidewalks looking for a job. He's no softie. Except when it comes to his heart. He has a great understanding of people. There's no sloppy sentiment there, and no affections are worn on his sleeve. His fists are as agile as his brains. No wonder women in every walk of life go mad about him.

He doesn't believe in that old cobwebby adage that woman's place is in the home. Carole's place is anywhere she wants it, and it doesn't hurt his pride at all that often she makes more money than he does. The main idea is not to be so darned serious about things, but to get fun out of life, which is over much too soon. And believe me, he and Carole get it. His grand disposition, aided by a sense of humor second only to Carole's, certainly makes Mrs. Gable's lot an easy one. There's never a dull moment with those two.



Eddie Albert looks as if he's just about to do the unusual thing of man biting dog, but he's merely trying to give an impersonation of King, the English bulldog, who appears with him in Warners' "Brother Rat and a Baby."

Now that we know the secret of Gable's fatal fascination—his delightful naturalness, his rugged masculinity, and his love of fun—all we've got to do is bring it out in our boy friends, and maybe we'll have a new crop of Gables. (*If you hit gold, do let me know, and I'll be right over.*)

Strangely enough, men don't resent Gable the way they do the other Great Lovers of the Screen. "That Nelson Eddy," they'll say, "Phooey." Or "That Robert Taylor, he stinks." Yet they seem to have great respect and admiration for What-A-Man, they call him a "regular guy," and they crowd in to see his pictures just as eagerly as women. I'm sure a lot of them would like to be Clark Gables themselves. They probably *fancy* themselves Gables already. So all you have to do is drop a subtle hint here and there. "Mr. Gable," you might say when your George, who is quite a show-off, orders an elaborate dinner in French at the Brown Derby, "Mr. Gable always orders steak and potatoes." Or when your Louis who is inclined to be a sissy (*his mother's fault, no doubt*) insists upon going to fashionable Palm Springs to coddle a fancied cold you might say, "Clark Gable spends his week-ends fishing in the snows of the High Sierras." Maybe you'll bring out a latent Gable. (*Or maybe you just won't see George or Louis again.*) But honestly, with all the boys just dying to be Gables you shouldn't have any trouble.

But me now—I never get a break. I chose Henry for the Great Experiment and I exposed him to all the Gableisms for weeks. I had him smoking a pipe instead of cigarettes in a long holder, I had him riding horses, planting alfalfa, and riding on the roller coaster at the Venice Pier—when he'd so much rather have been dancing at the Trocadero. I had him eating grits, collecting guns, mending saddles, and dashing off to the County Fair with a picnic lunch. I had him wearing turtle neck sweaters, letting a lock of hair fall across his forehead, and turning in his beautifully tailored slacks for dungarees. I made him stop boasting, stop being sentimental, and stop admiring girls who talked baby talk. But still he wasn't a Gable. "I've tried hard enough to bring out the Gable in you, goodness knows," I said dejectedly one day, "but, honey, you're no Gable."

"Maybe," he said brightly, "it's because you're no Lombard."

I think he's got something there.

It Certainly Pays To Be Different!

[Continued from page 37]

his because it explains how I came to have been born in Pittsburgh. Steel millionaires in that city, who had met my father in New York, established the Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh on condition that he would go there and supervise their food."

It was as an indirect result of his father's culinary interests, too, that Menjou went on the stage. From Pittsburgh, the elder Menjou was lured to Cleveland to act as chef for Cleveland millionaires, but the project floundered and Adolphe, who was then attending Cornell, decided to leave school and contribute some money to the support of the family. He always had been interested in the theatre so he joined up with vaudevillian Ernie Carr and made his stage debut in a vaudeville theatre at New Britain, Conn.

"That was in 1912," he tells you, "and the movies then were one-reel novelties. Vaudeville acts were sandwiched in between the one-reelers and I remember standing backstage and watching the images on the screen, in reverse. In our dressing rooms, we discussed this newfangled medium of entertainment. A few thought that motion pictures would become important; most of us ridiculed this infant apprentice of the arts. I certainly never thought the movies would earn me $3,000,000 in the next quarter of a century, make me famous all over the world and enable me to gratify all of my ambitions. I often think back to that New Britain stage."

If there was one person who looms more importantly in Menjou's recollection than any other, that person would be the late Louis Wolheim.

Menjou, at Cornell, not only studied under Wolheim, who was a professor of mathematics; he also enjoyed the dubious distinction of being hit on the chin by the irate professor and knocked down a flight of university stairs. It originated in the decision of a group of undergrads to play a practical joke on Wolheim while he was making his toilette. Menjou, unfortunately, was the one elected to open the door and shout ribald insults. Wolheim, who was a giant in stature, lost his temper and smacked Adolphe on the button, sending him head over heels.

Twenty years later, curiously enough, Wolheim was again to affect Menjou's career in a manner much more dramatic. Wolheim had turned from a college professorship to the stage as a protege of the Barrymores and he had won wide acclaim. As a result of his popularity, Wolheim had been picked to play the role of the managing editor in "Front Page" for the movies.

On Feb. 18, Menjou's birthday, Wolheim's death shocked the country. As a direct result, Lewis Milestone, who was to direct the picture, selected Menjou to take over the role which his ex-professor was to have played. It was a startling substitution—the dapper Adolphe taking the role of the burly Wolheim and the movie industry guffawed at the incongruity of such casting.

[*Continued on page* 74]



Judy Garland plants a kiss on Bob Hope's fatherly forehead as Bob looks to see if the missus is watching.

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HINT TO REFRIGERATORS: Keep this handy carton icy cold. Be ready for unexpected guests.

What Wendy Learned About Men from Men

[Continued from page 47]

friendship, or your trust, don't come to *depend* on someone until you know something about him. You'll be more interesting to men, believe me, if you don't trust too easily.'

"I thought about his advice a good deal. I had been hurt. But I was feeling much better!"

It was just about then that Wendy began to blossom and that Hollywood became increasingly aware of her as a real menace to masculine peace of mind. She began to be seen at all the smartest parties, in all the gayest clubs, escorted by a succession of the most desirable men in Hollywood.

"And I found out," she says, "that you can learn something about how to attract men from every man you meet, if you'll pay attention. One of the first things—especially for an actress—to learn is to share the spotlight even if there are only two of you in the room!"

There was one man who had baffled Hollywood's brightest sirens. The ones with the emeralds, the sable coats, the air conditioned limousines and the peach-satin-and-silver drawing rooms. He was handsome, well-to-do and had made a brilliant start on a distinguished career. But the best efforts of orchidaceous beauties left him looking embarrassed. He went to parties occasionally and sat in corners looking miserable. Wendy annexed him placidly one afternoon at a garden party. How?

"The poor dear wanted to *talk!*" she said. "Everyone had talked to him and none of it had made much sense. He didn't understand the Hollywood jargon about contracts and good and bad roles and who knew what about what producer. He thought the women were all beautiful, but he didn't understand much of what they were saying. He was simply starved for *talk.*"

One gathers that once he had started, Wendy didn't understand too much of what he was saying, either, if indeed she bothered. But she looked bright and interested and after a time she made an effort to understand. She didn't posture or show him her profile or try to make him an effective background for her white satin dress. She didn't gush at him nor did she give him haughty stares to make him realize how important and desirable she was. She listened to him and implored him to tell her more. And the next thing anyone knew, the catch of the season was dogging her footsteps.

"I don't mean that a girl should read up on the price of London tweeds or try to understand prize fights if they don't interest her," she exclaimed. "But any woman worth her salt can stir up a little curiosity about life in Timbuctu or the signs of the Zodiac if she wants to flatter a man and those are the subjects which happen to interest him. As a matter of fact, your curiosity may grow and you may really learn something," she added, thoughtfully. "I wasn't so interested in what this particular actor had to say at first. But later I was . . .

"I learned something about being completely natural, too," she went on, "from another man. He had invited me to the opera. I was tired and feeling a little perverse. I announced suddenly that I didn't want to go to the opera. 'I want to go to the beach and eat a hot dog and ride on some silly thing and throw rings at canes and then come home.'

"He was delighted. We had a lovely, silly evening. Later when he invited me to a symphony concert and I said I really wanted to go, he sighed with great contentment. 'Now I know you really want to hear it,' he said. 'You never know whether women go to hear good music because they want to hear it or because they want to be seen hearing it or because they want to wear the kind of clothes they wear to hear it. Now if I take you somewhere, whether it is to hear good music or eat a hot dog, I'll know you are going because that is what you will enjoy doing.'

"So what I learned from him was a lesson in sportsmanship. If a man invites you to go somewhere, asks for the privilege of sending you flowers and spending money for your evening's pleasure, you ought to repay him by enjoying it genuinely. If you don't enjoy it, you shouldn't accept—just to impress other people or show off your new clothes or any other silly reason like that. You're cheating."

Wendy hasn't experimented with marriage as yet, so she doesn't have any ponderous theories upon how to make a success of that hazardous state. But she has some ideas.

She is pretty young but she has learned how to take direction on stage and screen from sometimes irascible gentlemen; she has learned to listen to advice from business men and she has learned how to get along with temperamental leading men without too much friction. Add to that the fact that she has been undisputed belle of the Hollywood younger scene for a long time now and you'll have to admit that she knows her way around!

"Little things are so important—the tiny things that you might overlook," sh opines. "When I was first in Hollywoo I wondered why men here paid so littl attention to the small courtesies whic are made an art in Europe. The singl red rose to celebrate the date on whic he met you, or things like that.

"A man once told me, 'Not only me but women are too busy to keep trac of things like that. You might send he a rose and her house would be filled wit flowers she had bought herself. Besides she might have been working on the se all day and she wouldn't know the date and would wonder what the rose was *for* That is too disconcerting to risk."

"Well, if you are too busy to remembe things like that then you're too busy t be alive at all. No wonder the men don pay you those small compliments whic every woman loves. Maybe modern wome don't care enough about pleasing men t work at it."

It takes some thought, you see. An some understanding and imagination Wendy thinks it would take the sam things, only more of them, to make success of marriage. If you can learn t play badminton to please a man, the you should be able to learn to make a omelet with the same object in view. I takes time and money and a myriad of fit tings and hairdressers and furriers an jewelers to make you ready for an eve ning on the arm of one of Hollywood' glamour gentlemen. Perhaps it takes onl a gay house coat and a cozily arrange living room to make you ready for a evening at home with a husband. But th tact, the honesty, the humor and th sportsmanship required must be almos identical.

"I only know what I've learned about men—from men," she repeats. "Too many women try to learn about men from other women!"

If Wendy can make the success of marriage that she has made of being a belle in Hollywood, the man for whom she says "I do" should certainly consider himself a *lucky* man.



Director Dave Buter and his wife are greeted by Kay Kyser and Virginia Simms in New York City. Dave directed Kay's "That's Right, You're Wrong."

George Gives His Side Of It—And How!

[Continued from page 49]

ation comedy that's right down my alley. I even went to Dave Selznick and made a proposition to him. I offered him the story if he'd let me do it. The only condition I made was that if it was a big money-maker I felt he ought to give me back my twenty-five thousand. If it wasn't, it wouldn't cost him a dime. He wouldn't make it, either. Didn't think it was a money-maker. So I gave up and let it go. Now the pay-off is that Metro is making it with Bob Montgomery and I'll wager it will be a terrific success.

"Naturally, I was pretty disheartened after that experience and couldn't get excited about things. That is until the studio called me in and handed me an assignment which called for my being a master of ceremonies, with a leading lady who was brand new to pictures and a director who'd never directed a picture in his life. The role would have been tough enough with an experienced girl opposite and with a director who knew his stuff, but with these amateurs I knew that I or the picture didn't stand a chance. That was the last straw. Although my contract had two years to run, with a lot of money involved, I asked them to tear it up.

"Sam Goldwyn heard of the bust-up and asked me to go into his 'Dead End' picture. I told him I didn't want the role because it was just the sort of part that was making me unpopular with moviegoers. I wanted something with sympathy attached to it. He said he'd let me make two pictures with sympathetic roles if I first made 'Dead End.' I wanted to make the pictures with the good roles first, so naturally we never did get together.

"For seven months I kept turning down rat parts. I was beginning to get worried. Wasn't there some studio which could appreciate that a sympathetic role for me would do them just as much good as it would me? Well, Warners came along with a proposition. The sort of thing I'd been waiting for. They offered me a gangster part, true, but there was sympathy and reason behind the role. And I could justify myself before the final fade-out. That's more than I got before. The picture was 'Each Dawn I Die,' with a swell cast, headed by James Cagney, with expert direction, besides.

"My latest picture is 'Invisible Stripes' and that's going to be well received, too, because it's darn good entertainment. Next I'll do 'The Patent Leather Kid' for Warners. I'm plenty happy. I'm now getting the kind of roles I like, and the kind that the public likes, too.

"Can you blame me for squawking before? At least, I kept my peeves to myself until the big blow-off. Maybe if I had given the public my side of the picture it would have been smarter. But the way things have worked out for me now I'm perfectly satisfied. And I hold no grudges. Bygones are bygones."

So far as romance is concerned, George had little to say except that Virginia Peine is still the loveliest girl in the world to him. He discounted the stories about himself and Norma Shearer.

"We're just good friends."

George lives a comparatively quiet life. Although he spent a good many years as a night club entertainer, he now avoids such places.

The mantel of his spacious suite in Manhattan's famed Warwick Hotel was lined with a varied array of the finest in whiskies. Every kind and class, besides two huge bottles of choice champagne. But they were strictly for the use of his guests, because George never drinks. For that reason he claims his friends omit him from many of their parties, unless they just intend to play bridge.

Now that his battling days are over, George seems quite different. The chip on the shoulder is gone. He smiles more readily and doesn't mind being interviewed. His clothes have become much more subdued, too. They're quite in keeping with his mild-mannered self.

In fact, the George Raft who refused to play roles he knew would be harmful to his career, and had the courage to fight it out till he won, is definitely a much nicer person because of it.

LOVELY MARY MARTIN, FRESHMAN AT SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE, SAYS:



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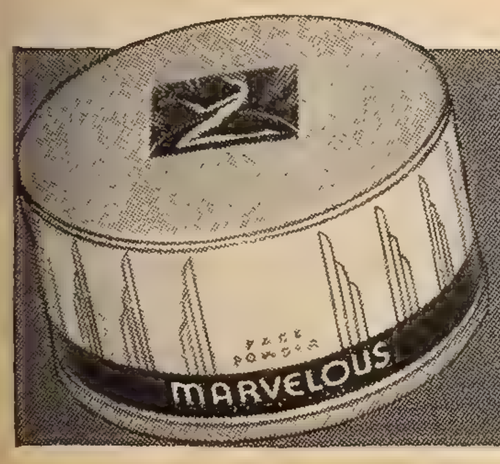
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Her Own Worst Enemy

[Continued from page 60]

can't I have hands like Bubbles Schinasi, Wayne Morris' wife, long, willowy fingers and such nails! And I hate my temper. It comes so hot and hard and fast that it makes me ill, makes me sick all over when, just as hot and hard and twice as fast, it goes away again.

"I'm not temperamental, darn it. You have to be sort of sultry and smokey to be temperamental. I just get *mad,* Irish-mad, about things. And I am stubborn. If I think I'm right about something I'll talk and argue and argue and talk until I've either been proven wrong or proved that I am right.

"I haven't any of the frivolities that make other women entrancing, unpredictable, fascinating, inscrutable and all that. I don't go out very much, on dates and things, you know, I don't like to go out. I do love to dance, but you have to dance in a room full of people and that stops me. Now and then I go to the Beverly-Wilshire to dance because Ray Noble has a wonderful orchestra and my desire to dance to his music occasionally overcomes my fear of all the others who will be dancing to it, too.

"My hopes," said Janey, ruefully, "are these: I hope I can travel all I want to travel. I hope I can read all the books I want to read. I hope I can go on the stage and do the kind of things I want to do. I hope there will be time for all of this . . .

"This is the truth, the whole truth about myself, as I see it," sighed Janey, "if I said one other thing, I'd be making it up, I'd be telling a lie. I suppose," she added, bitterly, but ordering some cokes at the same time, "I suppose if I'd just handed you my studio biography with the words 'as genuine a sample of Irish-American girlhood as you could find anywhere' underlined, it would have saved us both a lot of time. I suppose that *is* the description of me, poor me . . ."

(*But it isn't a description of you, I thought to myself, and what you have told me, so honestly, isn't the whole truth about you, either . . . not with what can be seen in those gray eyes, not with the quality you gave in* We Are Not A'one, *not in those full lips. But I won't tell you what I'm thinking, I thought, for why disturb so limpid a well of truth when truth is the mystery, the strength and the allurement you have, but do not name?*)

It Certainly Pays To Be Different!

[Continued from page 71]

"They called me 'the French dancing master,' at that time," recalls Menjou, "and the jibes flew thick and fast. It was predicted that the picture would be a terrific flop because of my miscasting. I don't think that any success on the screen ever gave me such a swell sensation, because everyone had turned thumbs down on me in advance."

I asked him to tell me the picture which in his estimation was the most significant in Hollywood history. "'A Woman in Paris,' directed by Charlie Chaplin in 1923," he answered quickly. "The day after that picture was completed, the moving pictures started on a new cycle. It revitalized an industry that had run out of ideas. Chaplin took an old formula and attacked it from a modern viewpoint. Charlie has done a lot for movie fans as a comedian; but I think his direction of that picture was the most important contribution he ever made."

I asked Menjou to tell me his most amusing recollection.

"It was a football game, rather than a movie," he grinned. "Cornell was playing Amherst at Ithaca. Barney O'Rourke was one of the Cornell ends, a huge fellow. He intercepted a kick, fell on the ball and there was a tremendous explosion. In falling on the ball, O'Rourke capsized it. Stunned by the accident, he scrambled to his feet, picked up the flattened bladder and ran thirty yards with it, in one hand. I've never heard such an uproar. The officials, puzzled by this precedent case, called time out for deliberation and finally ruled that the home team must supply a new ball and that the 30-yard gain must be cancelled. We yelled ourselves blue in the face, from the stands, but the ruling stood as issued."



Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray were among the celebrities attending the first showing of "Drums Along the Mohawk."

Menjou, nearing his 50th birthday, today is one of the top semi-stars of the movies. At present, he is attempting to get Hollywood stars to dress correctly. His last picture was with Kay Kyser, the radio band leader. Kyser's sloppy attire flabbergasted Menjou. Before Kyser left town, Menjou had him wearing decent-looking suits.

"Clothes don't make the man, of course," agrees Menjou, "but they certainly help."

Reviews

[Continued from page 50]

FOUR WIVES

CHARMING SEQUEL TO FOUR DAUGHTERS
—*Warner Brothers*

"FOUR WIVES" takes up where "Four Daughters" left off and is a grand family picture with plenty of heart appeal. The Lemp family are all there, Claude Rains as Adam Lemp, May Robson as Aunt Etta, and the four attractive daughters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane and Gale Page. Lola has married banker Frank McHugh and Gale has married florist Dick Foran. Priscilla is about to marry symphony conductor Jeffrey Lynn when she learns that she is going to have a baby by her former husband, Mickey Borden. (*Mickey Borden, you remember, was John Garfield who was killed in an automobile accident in the first picture.*) The thought of her first husband clings in her mind and almost destroys her marriage with Jeffrey until he, sensible guy, orchestrates Mickey's symphony and thus frees her from the past. Of great interest is Eddie Albert's entrance into the series. Eddie, who was such a sensation in "Brother Rat," plays a young doctor who eventually gets hooked by Rosemary, and such a pleasing personality has Mr. Albert that he easily steals every scene he is in. There are perfectly wonderful bits of humor and plenty of heart-tugs. You'll be crazier than ever about the Lemps. Three of the daughters end up as mothers in this picture, and Rosemary gets a husband—so where do we go from here?

TOWER OF LONDON

FOR YOUR DARKER MOODS—*Universal*

ENGLAND during the bloody reign of the ambitious Richard III. Brilliant pageantry, royal intrigue, bloodshed, gallantry and romance. Direct from the pages of history is this medieval drama without benefit of any softening up for those of us who are inclined to be squeamish. That superb actor, Basil Rathbone, gives a great portrayal of the ruthless Richard whose lust for power stops at nothing, and certainly not at a little thing like murdering relatives who might stand in the way of the throne. Splendid performances are given by Ian Hunter as King Edward IV, Vincent Price as the Duke of Clarence, Frances Robinson as the Duchess Isobel, Barbara O'Neil as the Queen, and Miles Mander as the elderly King Henry. John Herbert Bond and Ronald Sinclair play the little princes in the Tower (*remember how you used to cry over them in your history book*) and John Sutton and pretty Nan Grey look after the romance. Boris Karloff as a ghastly, sinister executioner is not the type of person you'll want to meet in a dark alley.

THE AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS

HILARIOUS MYSTERY YARN—*Columbia*

HERE'S one good long loud and lusty laugh for you. Wait—just wait—until you have seen Melvyn Douglas all done up in a woman's clothes and acting

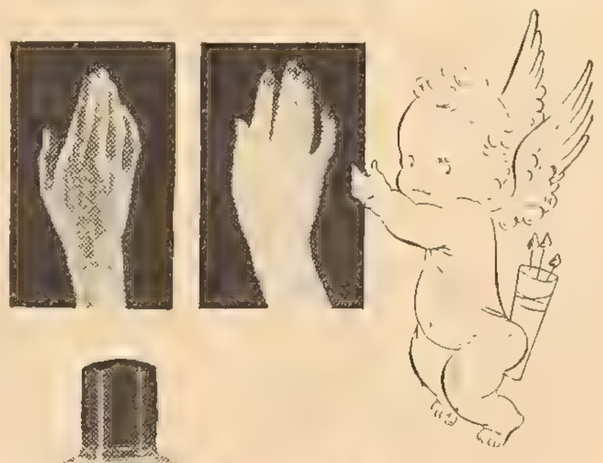
[*Continued on page 82*]



*NANCY KELLY and JOEL MCCREA in the 20th Century-Fox hit "He Married His Wife". Her hands are delightful! Cultivate romantic softness in your hands with Jergens Lotion.

Your Hands need not get wretchedly rough and chapped. How other girls help prevent this . . .

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TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Her Name Was Galatea

[Continued from page 45]

It was a couple of years after that Tania hailed me as I was coming from one of the sets where I'd been interviewing Hollywood's latest contender to the title of Valentino's successor.

"Oh that Bill! He's as blind as a bat," she said. But her eyes were saying, 'isn't it wonderful?' "Do you know what, a girl just took a test for a part in his new picture. And Bill looks at it and says, 'She won't do. She hasn't got a thing!' And she has. She's marvelous. She's just the girl he needs and he can't see it. Come with me, I'll show you."

We found a projection room that wasn't being used and Tania asked the operator to run off the test for us. "There," she said as the girl walked into the scene. "Don't you see what I mean?"

I had to admit I couldn't and that I was entirely in agreement with Bill. The girl was awkward and unsure of herself and she was full of vivacious little mannerisms I couldn't stand and she wasn't even pretty. Her face was too square and her eyes set too close together and she was so thin that her height was ungainly. She could act. I had to admit that. But she didn't have another thing.

"But look at her with your imagination, not your eyes," Tania insisted. "Now what do you see?"

"The same girl I saw the first time," I laughed. "No, Tania, for once I think you're dead wrong. That girl would have no more chance of getting anywhere on the screen than I would."

"I'll show you." Tania got up as the lights flashed on and walked excitedly around the room. "Some day both Bill and you will know I'm right."

When Tania gets an idea no one in the world can shake her out of it, especially when that idea is centered on helping someone. Tania has helped more youngsters get on their feet than any other one person I know. Maybe it's because her own girlhood was so full of want that she's determined to make life easier for everyone else.

The next afternoon when I stepped in to see Tania for some hints on Hollywood's new style trend that I needed for a story I was writing, the girl was there.

"This is Alice Crane," Tania introduced her. "At least, that's what she thinks her name is. But it isn't. Her name is Galatea."

Then she laughed at the girl's surprised stare.

"Haven't you heard of Pygmalion," she said. "He took a piece of cold marble and out of it he carved the most beautiful woman in the world. And when he had finished his statue he couldn't bear to think so lovely a woman should be without life so he prayed to his gods and a miracle took place and she lived. And he called her Galatea. That's why I say your name is Galatea."

But Alice Crane still looked bewildered. For all the imagination or understanding she had, she might as well have been carved out of marble, too.

It made it easier for Tania that the girl was under contract to the studio, one of those thirty-five dollars a week contracts that usually end with the girl or boy going back to the oblivion they came from. But don't forget, you fans have Robert Taylor now because of one of those contracts. And every studio hopes that a new shining star may come from one of the youngsters under contract to them. So when Tania went into the front office she didn't have to fight very hard to get permission to take Alice under her wing.

The first thing Tania did was to design a dress for the girl and I had to admit when I saw her try it on that she was beginning to have possibilities. She had been too thin before. Now, under Tania's magic, her thinness had become slenderness and there's a world of difference between those two descriptions, even if they do sound like the same thing.

Funny how a few tucks flaring into fullness above them could give that soft, rounded look to Alice's flat breasts and how the neckline draped under her chin in a soft cowl effect added fullness to her throat that had looked . . . well almost scrawny before.

"Now pull your shoulders back and stand straight," Tania told her. "No girl yet has ever looked shorter by slouching although most tall girls have tried it at one time or another. And why should you want to look small when it's the tall girls clothes are really created for?"

The dress was only the beginning. Tania spent weeks on that girl, supervising the exercises that began to give her grace, showing her how to walk with that long swinging step and how to talk and how to move slowly instead of in those quick nervous gestures.

She hadn't told Bill what she was doing. That was going to be her surprise. "I want you to be there when he sees my Galatea," she giggled. "Can't you see his face? Come early tomorrow. I'm taking her to the make-up department then and . . . well you just wait until you see her. I know exactly what I want them to do."

It was breath-taking watching the transformation of that girl. A new hair-do piled softly on the top of her head, with her small ears showing, and her face that had been too broad became a gentle oval. Eyes penciled at the outer corners and outlined in violet shadow suddenly became wider as they were pulled away from the centre of her face and drew attention to her delicately moulded cheek bones that had seemed too broad before.

But it was her mouth that brought the greatest change.

"I want it full and tender and yielding," Tania had demanded and looking at the thin, straight line of the girl's mouth it was impossible to believe that it could be accomplished. But it was. Lipstick applied with a brush instead of a lipstick can work wonders. And it worked wonders now as it widened the thin outlines of her mouth so that it became generous and sensitive and lovely.

"There now!" Tania looked at me triumphantly. "What do you think of Galatea now?"

I couldn't say what I really thought, not with that girl looking at me. Oh, she was lovely enough standing there but I

couldn't help feeling it was a shell I was looking at and not a human being at all. I knew Alice Crane wasn't any of the things she seemed to be. I thought of her eyes as they really were, predatory and shrewd and I saw them now wide with an innocence I don't think that girl had the day she was born.

"You see it now, don't you?" Tania said exultantly. "Look! This is what I mean!"

She picked up a doll that had been lying on one of the chairs, a baby doll with a short dress that showed two tiny feet so lifelike that you couldn't believe it wasn't real, and she put it in Alice's arms.

The girl looked down on the doll. She didn't have any emotion of her own, I am sure of that, but she could simulate other people's emotions so that there was a brooding loveliness about her that made me think of a madonna I had seen once in a church in Italy.

And it didn't make any difference that the baby wasn't real or that the girl wasn't real. They seemed real even to me who had seen the miracle performed. And when Bill came in and saw the girl I knew that they were very real to him. He looked at her and suddenly I was afraid. Afraid for Tania and afraid for Bill too and for love and all real things. For Bill looking at that girl wasn't a director looking at an actress. He was a man looking at a woman.

Maybe it was the baby in her arms. Bill had always wanted babies. But I don't think it was that alone. It was her face with its really lovely planes coming into their own at last. It was her eyes wide and childlike. But most of all I think it was her mouth with its promise of tenderness and understanding.

I looked at Tania and wished I hadn't. Something was dying in her eyes as she looked at him. Sometimes I think she really said goodbye to Bill in that moment. Tania wasn't an actress. The things she felt were real. And she had no subterfuge with which she could cover up her emotions.

"There Bill, didn't I tell you," she said. But there was no exultation in her voice at all. Only that dull, flat pain that for once Bill did not hear.

It was a month later that Bill gave Tania the diamond bracelet for their wedding anniversary. Tania had always teased him about forgetting anniversaries and birthdays and for not being the type to give unexpected presents or send flowers.

But now it was as if Bill couldn't give Tania enough presents. He was always sending big, expensive bottles of perfume and lingerie and flowers. But they didn't make her happy. Her face became a tragic mask as she tried to be happy over them. You see, Tania wanted Bill's love, not his conscience.

And the thing that made it all the more heartbreaking was the way Bill tried to combat his feeling for the girl. It was as if he were holding his emotions in leash, as if he were driving himself to hate her so that he would no longer love her.

He drove Alice as the most hard-boiled director in Hollywood would have hesitated to drive anyone. And Bill had always been loved for his patience with everyone, especially newcomers. Nothing she did could please him. He was merciless in his criticism and sometimes he stormed at her and sometimes he laughed at her.

But I was there the day she suddenly broke and ran from the set in tears. I saw Bill go after her and pull her back and then as if he were doing something he couldn't help doing he put his arms around her and held her a moment. And I saw his eyes and there were tears in them.

He didn't say a word when he came back to the set again. He looked mad and muttered something under his breath about little fools who couldn't take it. Maybe he was fooling himself. But he wasn't fooling me. I had seen his eyes.

Tania called me soon after that and asked me if I'd go to dinner with her.

"At the Troc," she said, "I'm going to be a free woman again and I'm celebrating." And it was all the more heartbreaking because she tried to be so gay.

I've never seen Tania so vivacious as she was that evening, calling gay little greetings to everyone she saw and laughing so much and so hard that I knew she was afraid if she didn't laugh she would cry. I wished myself miles away. It was awful seeing her reach down in her heart and pull up the pride she was holding to so desperately.

And then the thing happened. A girl was singing and the song she was beginning was "My Bill!"

You know the song from "Showboat," the song Helen Morgan sang in that heartbreaking voice of hers. And you remember the words of that song, don't you?

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And you know too how songs can tear at your heart the way nothing else in this world can and smash it into pieces.

Tania reached for my hand under the table and held it so desperately that it hurt. And I thought of the little girl who had clung to her mother's hand and who had been afraid. I'd have given anything I owned to stop that song. For I knew the words and I knew what was coming.

Tania couldn't take any more. She got up and ran from the room and I followed her, hating the knowing looks and the little buzz of conversation that followed us as we went.

We got into Tania's car and neither of us said anything. Then she began to cry and I put my arms around her knowing all the time that any comfort I could give didn't mean a thing and that I didn't mean a thing either. That nothing at all mattered to Tania but Bill and that Bill was gone forever.

"It's over," she whispered at last. "It was so beautiful but it was only a dream. Bill tried, but he couldn't stand out against her. Oh, it's funny, isn't it, thinking I was creating a Galatea and all the time it was a Frankenstein monster that destroyed my love. I should be laughing, shouldn't I?"

Hollywood wasn't surprised when Tania went to Reno. But I don't think the break-up of any marriage out there caused more real concern than this one. Everybody loved Tania and Bill. And I think they still loved Bill and felt sorry for him, for anyone could see that he wasn't happy, even though he would sit looking at Alice as if he could never stop looking at her again. But everybody despised Alice. I think all of them knew her for what she was. For no matter what one hears, there is loyalty in Hollywood and don't think there isn't!.

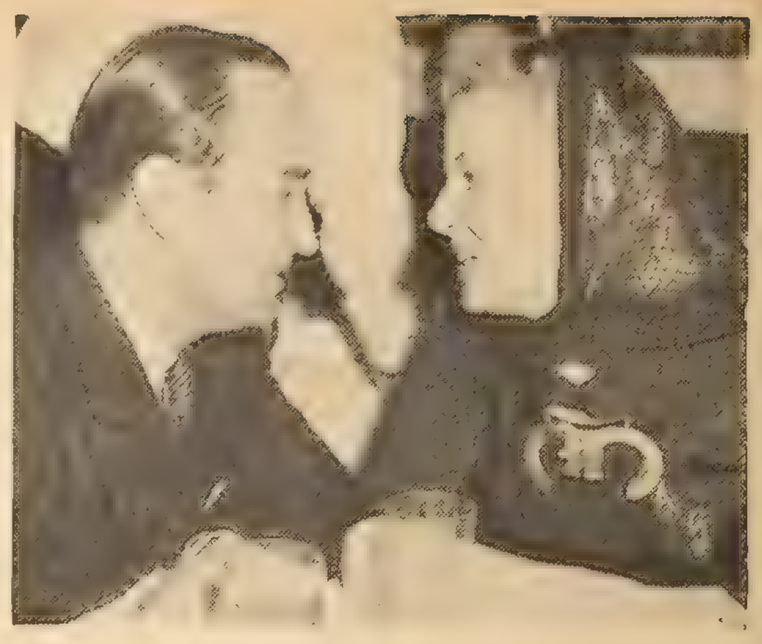
Bill and Alice were seen everywhere together at first, and then after a while we began to see Bill alone and he looked like a man who was seeing ghosts. There were whispers of the two of them having words when they were together and rumors of another man in the case and all the other odds and ends of things you hear when two people seem about to split.

And it was strange that it was at the Troc their break-up came, just as it had been there Tania's break-up had come too.

They were quarreling and suddenly Bill got up and left. And he didn't turn even when Alice called something after him. The doorman said afterwards that Bill looked as if he had suddenly gone crazy when he got into his car and drove off. But then people are always saying things like that after something has happened.

Anyway it wasn't more than a quarter of an hour after he had left that Bill's car smashed into a tree and went rolling over the canyon edge.

We read about it in the papers the next morning and for a day or two we didn't know if Bill would live or not. Tania called me from Reno and I met her at the airport when she came and I stayed with her all during that awful night when we thought Bill was going to die. And Tania told me things that night she has never told another living soul. The sort of things any editor would love to print in a story, even if Tania wasn't a star. But I couldn't write that story. I couldn't use Tania's tears for ink.



One of Ann Sheridan's favorite boy friends definitely is Jean Negulesco.

And I was with Tania that morning in the hospital room when she became Bill's wife for the second time. She had gotten her divorce decree the day before the accident, but that wasn't important. She had never really stopped being Bill's wife. And somehow it didn't even make any difference that Bill would be an invalid for years, maybe for life, when you knew Tania was there to look after him.

One of Tania's best friends was in tears when she talked to me about it afterwards.

"How can she take him back now that he is helpless and is only there because he needs her so desperately? How can she take another woman's leavings?"

You see, she thought what the rest of Hollywood was thinking that Bill was so crazy in love with Alice that it was losing her that had made him drive so recklessly that night.

But I know how it really was, for that was the story Tania sobbed out to me the night we thought Bill was dying. You see, she felt it was her fault. For Bill had called her on the telephone an hour after she had gotten her decree and told her he was breaking with Alice that evening. And because Bill is a soft guy, with a heart that can pity even a woman he has grown to hate he asked Tania what he could say to the girl so that he would not hurt her too much. And Tania had told him what everybody knew and what Bill really knew now, too, that nothing could really hurt Alice very much, that maybe her pride could be hurt but never her heart.

And then she had said, "Hurry Bill. Hurry and get it finished and done with. And then come to me just as fast as you can!"

The doctors say now it is only a matter of months before Bill will be working again and that he'll be as strong as ever. And I'm the only person outside of Tania and Bill who know of the nursery they've furnished and that they've even picked the name for the baby they are planning to have as soon as Tania can give up her position. That won't be long now, with Bill getting well so fast.

Tania is going to save again for the future. Only this time it won't be money she is planning to put away. She knows how little that can mean now. No, the things Tania are saving are the things she can keep in her heart and not in a bank.

Finagling Among the Stars

[Continued from page 51]

9. Begin with an alcoholic liquor distilled from wine; subtract the first name of that Devine person; and add a solid condition of water—to get the comedienne famous as an infant on the radio.
10. Begin with a word meaning remote; add a loud, prolonged sound; subtract a device for propelling a small boat; and add an English measure of 45 inches—to get the actress who plays wise-cracking parts.
11. Begin with an Indian's greeting for "hello;" add an intensity of passion or affection; and subtract a word for either—to get an English star who is also an associate producer.
12. Begin with a head and neck-guard of chain mail; subtract what Uncle Sam allows no one to trifle with; and add the 7th letter of the Romanic alphabet and a French Marshal under Napoleon—to get a "tough guy" of the films.
13. Begin with everything; add a synonym for embrace; subtract a string composed of two or more strands twisted together—to get a real smart girl who has a screen reputation for dumbness.
14. Begin with the last three-letter word of the slang expression "to take it on the ——;" add a military force (*all lined up*); and subtract an affirmative vote—to get the star who recently played opposite Robert Taylor.
15. Begin with something larger than a twig but smaller than a limb; subtract a place where cattle and horses are reared; and add what you might say if someone stepped on your toes—to get the name of a silent glamour star.
16. Begin with a word meaning merry; add the pole discovered by Peary; and subtract the sound made by one who lisps when saying "S"—to get the star who recently married a famous studio dress designer.
17. Begin with a source of artificial light; subtract a distressed or complicated condition; and add something pertaining to us—to get a languorous star who is noted for her abbreviated costumes.
18. Begin with a red-breasted bird; subtract the opposite of out; and add a male offspring—to get a grand old lady of the screen who can be tragic or funny at will.
19. Begin with a word meaning the legal profession; add that which means to convey; subtract a vehicle for use on a railroad; and then add a greater quantity—to get one of a family of noted actors.
20. Begin with a person other than me; add the best way to hold stocks in a rising market; and subtract an interjection for "Behold!"—to get the actress who is one of the prettiest and most popular in the screen colony.

ANSWERS

1. AUBURN minus BURN leaves AU plus TRY equals AUTRY (*Gene*).
2. POACHED minus ACHED leaves PO plus WELL equals POWELL (*William*).
3. DUN plus NEAT gives DUNNEAT minus AT equals DUNNE (*Irene*).
4. GEAR minus EAR leaves G plus ABLE equals GABLE (*Clark*).
5. MORBID minus BID leaves MOR plus GO and RAN gives MORGO-RAN minus OR equals MORGAN (*Frank*).
6. VALOR minus OR leaves VAL plus LEE equals VALLEE (*Rudy*).
7. COOP plus ERMINE gives COOP-ERMINE minus MINE equals COOPER (*Gary*).
8. LA plus HUGH gives LAHUGH minus H leaves LAUGH plus TON equals LAUGHTON (*Charles*).
9. BRANDY minus ANDY leaves BR plus ICE equals BRICE (*Fanny*).
10. FAR plus ROAR gives FARROAR minus OAR leaves FARR plus ELL equals FARRELL (*Glenda*).
11. HOW plus ARDOR gives HOW-ARDOR minus OR equals HOWARD (*Leslie*).
12. CAMAIL minus MAIL leaves CA plus G and NEY equals CAGNEY (*James*).
13. ALL plus ENTWINE gives ALLEN-TWINE minus TWINE equals ALLEN (*Gracie*).
14. LAM plus ARRAY gives LAM-ARRAY minus AY equals LAMARR (*Hedy*).
15. BRANCH minus RANCH leaves B plus OW equals BOW (*Clara*).
16. GAY plus NORTH gives GAY-NORTH minus TH equals GAYNOR (*Janet*).
17. LAMPLIGHT minus PLIGHT leaves LAM plus OUR equals LAMOUR (*Dorothy*).
18. ROBIN minus IN leaves ROB plus SON equals ROBSON (*May*).
19. BAR plus CARRY gives BAR-CARRY minus CAR leaves BARRY plus MORE equals BARRYMORE (*John*).
20. YOU plus LONG gives YOULONG minus LO equals YOUNG (*Loretta*).

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

brings her lunch from home and eats in her dressing room, Ann has never been in the studio commissary. When they decided to make "Congo Maizie," Director Henry Potter was assigned to carry on for Ed Marin, who did such a wonderful job with the original "Maizie." Potter called Ann on the phone and asked her to meet him in the commissary for lunch. At the appointed time, Ann walked in to get acquainted with her new director. The policeman at the door stopped her.

"Have you a pass, lady?" he inquired.

"Why no," said Ann very surprised. "I'm supposed to meet Mr. Potter."

"You'll have to go to the front office and get a pass," replied the policeman.

So Ann went to the front office and got a pass. When she related the story to Potter and his assistants, they did a burn. Ann, herself, thought it was very funny.



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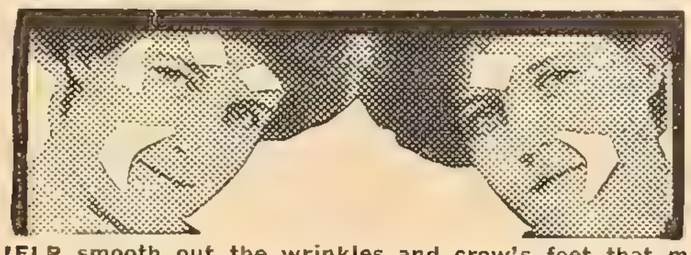
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Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 57]

he hasn't been arrested is a mystery. Some sort of pull, I guess."

Holden is incredulous. "I don't believe it! You fellows think I got field mice in my hair?" He looks off in the direction Seay has gone and while he is looking over his shoulder Denny leans over and lifts Bill's watch out of his beautiful plaid vest. They didn't have wrist watches in those days. He quickly pockets the watch.

"He offered to introduce you to some big men, didn't he?" Terry puts it up to Bill.

"Yes," Holden acknowledges. "They're all friends of his—he—"

"Thought so," Terry cuts him off. "I won't say any more. My name's Ransom." He indicates Denny. "This is Briggs. If you want anything we'll be glad to do what we can for you."

"Always like to help the new boys at Siwash as much as we can," Denny offers generously. "You'd better look and see if you've still got your money. That fellow—"

Bill searches his pockets for his money and looking down notices his watch is gone."

"My watch," he yells, jumping up. "My watch is gone!" He got my watch!"

Denny also jumps up and lays a restraining hand on Bill's shoulder. "I'll get it back for you. I've been wanting to take a shot at that pidgeon! He got fifty dollars and a suitcase from a friend of mine!"

I'D LOVE to park on this set, but there are others to be covered so off I go to "Safari."

Don't ask what this one is about because I don't know beyond the fact that Madeleine Carroll is heading a safari into the African jungles. Just now, though, she is on a boat, heading up the Nile. Tullio Carminati is wooing her with a vengeance while just inside are Lynne Overman and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., playing billiards and eavesdropping.

"There's a new moon, which is as it should be," Tullio remarks to Madeleine. "It will be full for us to share on the high plateau. If you could see through the blackness, darling, you would see a stretch of sand redder than cayenne pepper, then the barrier of the mangroves." He waxes more ardent. "Breathe of the night, darling. Take Africa into your heart."

"Fifteen-eight an' a double run o' sixteen, blast yer gizzard," Overman shouts from the room where he and Doug are playing.

Madeleine has to smother a smile as she hears his voice blasting through the romantic picture Tullio is painting.

"Is it necessary to shout your way through that game?" Carminati demands with dignity.

"I—have—a run—of—three. No more," Doug whispers with a grin to Lynne. He listens, hears the buzz of a mosquito, automatically reaches for the flit gun, suddenly squirts it and smiles as he watches the mosquito fall to the floor. "They let one in the door," he whispers to Overman, "but wait till the stabbing little devils see them *in the night!"*

But Tullio hasn't heard all this and he is really pouring on the oil. "I'll show you the beauty you have never known . . . on the high plateau . . . the lightning flashing in the night . . . the pound of the tom-toms like hearts beating in the darkness . . . you in my arms. . . ." There is the sudden high sound of a mosquito hitting. "Ouch!" gasps Tullio slapping his neck.

THE last picture on this lot is "Buck Benny Rides Again," starring—and he not I, will be the first to tell you—JACK BENNY!

But in this scene, Mr. B. plays second fiddle to his new tenor, Dennis Day, for Mr. Day is singing "My Kind of Country" and Jack, two girls whom I don't know, and Beau Brummel Harris and Andy Devine are listening. They're on Andy's ranch and they're playing cowboys! But such cowboys you never saw and I hope never to see again. Any self-respecting steer would shudder at the thought of being roped by one of these. Why, they're got up in bedford cord breeches and satin shirts! I can only hope they're on a dude ranch and it's a gag. Nevertheless, gag or no gag, it'll be funny—whether they mean it to be or not.

And that takes care of Paramount. From here we go to—

Warner Brothers

TWO pictures going here—"Virginia City" and "Dr. Ehrlich."

The former stars Errol Flynn. It's during the Civil War and Flynn with a couple of his buddies—Alan Hale and Big Boy Williams—have almost completed a tunnel under the prison where they're interned when Randolph Scott (*the commandant*) comes upon them at work. The three prisoners face him with hatred in their eyes.

"That tunnel wasn't a bad idea," Randy tells them evenly. "But I happened to learn you were digging it three days after you started last spring." Big Boy and Hale exchange glances, but Errol's face is impassive. "Three months, twelve days, and—" glancing at his watch—"eleven hours."

"And you let us go on working—hoping—killing ourselves to get out of this rathole?" Flynn demands slowly.

"You've led two other attempts to break out of this prison," Randy reminds him, "one of which may cost the lives of some of my men. And, since solitary confinement means nothing to men like you—except to make you worse—I thought this time I'd let you work out your own punishment. You know the penalty for a third escape try."

"Do you think death isn't better than rotting in this fever-hole under a man like you?" Flynn retorts.

"Everyone to his own taste," Randy rejoins indifferently. "Meanwhile," looking

around, "I'll leave you to amuse yourselves. That's all."

"No, Irby," Errol says slowly, "that's not quite all. You may *have me hanged or shot—if the South lasts that long. In fact, you'd better. Because, if I ever run into you again, anywhere—any time, I'm going to collect for that tunnel, every last foot of it!"*

It seems funny to see Flynn and Randy glaring at each other during the take and then, as soon as the director calls "Cut" to watch them, Flynn with his arm around Randy's shoulders as they discuss the scene with the director.

THE other picture over here is "Dr. Ehrlich," starring Edward G. Robinson.

Eddie, as the doctor, has discovered the tuberculosis bacillus. His friend, Otto Kruger, is looking at the germs under a microscope, when Robinson, in one of the most bewildering make-ups I have ever seen, rushes in. He looks like Muni in a combination of *Zola* and *Pasteur* and he acts like Muni in all of his pictures put together—grunting and wheezing and smacking his lips. But he's gone Muni one better: he's added a cough.

To my mind there aren't two duller actors on the screen than these so I heave a sigh of relief when the scene is over and set sail for—

M-G-M

SEVERAL pictures going here. The most important is "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" (*tentative title*) starring Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

Just at present, Clark has escaped from the prison. Joan is a cafe entertainer who is forced to live in durance vile with a horrible character named *Marfeu* (*Bernard Nadell*). Gable comes to their shack and is stealing some food when Nadell spots him and is about to knife him. Joan is heartily sick of Mr. Nadell, sees her chance and bangs him on the wrist with a heavy iron pot. He drops the knife and Gable drops him.

"Do I say 'thanks,' baby—or were you just wavin' at someone?" Clark mocks.

"Don't thank me," she rejoins quietly. "I didn't give you a thing. All I want is to get out of here and you're goin' my way. So I played you. The minute I find somebody goin' faster than you—"

"You won't," he interrupts. "Come on."

They're making a close-up of Clark, and Joan offers to sit outside camera range and cue him, but he says he doesn't need to be cued—that he can re-act without it. "Then I can go knit," she says happily. It was pretty swell of her to offer.

On her way to her dressing room she sees me. "Dick!" she says warmly. "When did you get back? Did you have a good time in New York?"

"I had a horrible time in New York," I tell her. "Katharine Hepburn is in a hit play."

"How awful for you," Joan murmurs in mock sympathy, well knowing my aversion for Miss Hepburn.

"Oh, I had my revenge," I remark airily, "by visualizing Madge Evans in the part and thinking how much better *she* would have been.

"Tchk, tchk," says Joan noncommittally.

I take a close gander at Joan and gasp. She's all done up in checkered gingham with frizzy hair, etc. "Why," I exclaim, "you're back to *Sadie Thompson.*"

"The set is now closed to visitors," she announces firmly. "Good day."

Sadie Thompson is a lady Joan tries valiantly to forget, but she's only kidding about the set being closed.

NEXT comes "New Moon." Probably all of you have heard the unforgettable "Lover Come Back to Me." Well, here it is, folks. The scene they're doing today is unimportant. Jeanette MacDonald has just arrived in New Orleans to look over a plantation left her by an uncle. Her over-seer, John Miljan, has been showing her about the place. Except for Florence Rice, there is no one in pictures who wears colonial and ante-bellum costumes as becomingly as Jeanette and she is really beautiful. Nelson Eddy, who plays opposite her, isn't working today.

NEXT comes "Florian." *Florian* is a horse and not the *Florian Slappey* of Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen's short stories. *Florian* is a Lipizzan horse—a breed that is born black, changes color and turns white when four years old.

"THE Earl of Chicago," featuring Robert Montgomery, has just finished. "Congo Maizie," featuring Ann Sothern, has just started so that can wait until next month. So can "Young Tom Edison," starring Mickey Rooney. And that winds up M-G-M for this month. But there's still—

20th Century-Fox

"LITTLE Old New York," starring Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray and Richard Greene, is on a closed set today so that'll have to wait. But we still have—

"EVERYTHING Happens at Night" (*tentative title*), starring Sonja Henie. I'm in luck because Sonja is doing a skating routine. I don't know what the set represents, but it's beautiful . . . a sort of colonnade with dark blue hangings and silver stars dangling on strings in front of the curtains. In the centre is Sonja skating by herself. Poetry of motion, physical poetry, symphony in rhythm.

R-K-O

GINGER ROGERS is just starting a new picture so that can wait. "The Marines Fly High" is suspended on account of the death of Director George Nichols. So that'll have to wait. Left is "Mexican Spitfire" starring Lupe Velez.

Turning to the telephone to find where all else I have to go I find "The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper, at the Samuel Goldwyn Studio is on location so that'll have to wait for that. Ditto the two pictures at Universal—"Charlie McCarthy, Detective" and the W. C. Fields-Mae West epic. And I think you'll agree that the last three mentioned are well worth waiting for. So long, now.



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Reviews

[Continued from page 75]

like a sissy. Not that he-man Douglas has become a female impersonator, mercy no, but it's the only way he can catch the "phantom slugger." You'll roar with laughter. This is another of those mystery comedies that Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas, directed by Al Hall, have made famous. This time Joan, who certainly knows her comedy, plays the secretary to the Mayor, and she is out to snare detective Douglas. She has him just at the point of marrying her when a snake charmer gets murdered. From then on it's nip and tuck between duty and love with Detective Douglas. The murders and the laughs pile up quicker than you can count them, and there's one hilarious episode after another. Helping out with the fun are Ruth Connelly, Edward S. Brophy, Clarence Kolb and Donald McBride. It's a field day for the comedians.

OUR NEIGHBORS—THE CARTERS

JUST "PLAIN FOLKS"—*Paramount*

HERE'S a story about a small town and small town people that will fairly wrap itself right around your heart. Frank Craven plays "Doc Carter," a small town druggist, who has been run out of business by big chain stores and their cut rates. The "Doc" has a wife and five children and he puts up a proud fight to keep his little family together. Just when he, a heart-broken middle-aged man of 48, has made up his mind to surrender one of his children for adoption in a wealthy family, an old-time friend comes to aid him in his struggle with the chain stores, and saves the day. There are a lot of "Doc Carters" in this world. There are laughs, and tears, and a terrific performance by Fay Bainter who begins to act where all other actresses leave off. Also in the cast are Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin, and a little kid named Mary Thomas who is simply grand.

GERONIMO

THE INDIANS ARE COMING!—*Paramount*

HERE'S an action picture with all the grand sweep of pioneer history in the Apache country of the Southwest. It's the story of the last great Indian campaign when the famous Apache Chief, Geronimo, defied the United States Army and terrorized the pioneer settlers of Arizona and New Mexico. The picture tells how General Grant appointed a trusted general to make peace with Geronimo, how the peace efforts failed, and how Geronimo massacres the Army when the general leads it out of the safety of its encampment to rescue his son who is being held captive by the redskins. There's plenty of torture, massacre and destruction. And if it's Indians you like, honey, this is your dish. Ralph Morgan plays the general and William Henry his son. Gene Lockhart is excellent, as usual, as an Indian agent and Andy Devine makes a first rate Indian scout. Preston Foster is the hero, and Chief Thundercloud, a real honest-to-goodness Indian, is Geronimo.

REMEMBER?

A SCREWY COMEDY—*M-G-M*

GREER GARSON, the famous "Mrs. Chips," is co-starred with Robert Taylor and Lew Ayres in this, her first American-made picture. The story is on the whimsy side and is all about two young men, Bob and Lew of course, who are in love with the same girl who, naturally, is Miss Greer. Lew is engaged to marry her, but she elopes with his pal Bob. They are happy for about six months of married life, and then they quarrel over Bob's business hours. Then good old Lew has to give them a potion (*don't ask me the ethics on that*) which makes them forget everything and start their romance all over again. There are many bright episodes that will have you in stitches, and, unfortunately, some episodes that are more bumpy than bright. Bob Taylor, in a rather silly role, proves an excellent comedian and rates much, much better opportunities. Miss Garson sort of gets lost in the goings-on. We who love our womanly Mrs. Chips are a bit aghast to find her floundering around in a mud hole. Billie Burke plays her vague mother role, and Laura Hope Crews a slightly screwy aunt. Also in the excellent cast are George Barbier, Henry Travers, Reginald Owens, and Richard Carle. Lew Ayres gets some kind of an award for being the Best Boy Scout of the year.

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG

A TREAT FOR SWING ADDICTS—*RKO*

THIS is the picture in which Kay Kyser brings his famous radio program, Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge, to the screen. And when Kay's College of M.K. is on the screen it is top-notch entertainment that will delight you no end, but before he goes into his radio broadcast there is a long stretch that's a bit on the dull side. However, the ending makes up for everything, and the Kay Kyser fans will be hysterical with joy. Kay plays himself, and the story tells how he happens to bring his band to Hollywood, how his band, swell guys back home, "go Hollywood" in a big way, and how the producer of Kay's picture gives him the well known run-around in order to break his contract. But here the picture does a switch, and swings into some swell comedy and first rate entertainment. In a grand supporting cast are Adolphe Menjou as the producer, May Robson as Granny, Eddie Everett Horton and Hobart Cavanaugh as a screwy writing team, and Lucille Ball as an ambitious Glamour Girl. Ginny Simms of the Band sings several songs most pleasingly, one of them called "Chatterbox" in the hit class.

WE ARE NOT ALONE

FOR YOUR "MUST SEE" LIST—*Warner Brothers*

PAUL MUNI tries a new characterization in his latest picture, that of a kind-hearted, humanity-loving, impractical English doctor, and proves once more that he is nothing short of a genius when it comes to acting. The picture, adapted from the James Hilton novel of the same title, has all the dignity, warmth and heart appeal of the book, which, under



Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hayward (*Ida Lupino*), handholding at Cafe Lamaze.

the excellent direction of Edmund Goulding, it has faithfully followed. The atmosphere of the snug English village is admirably recreated and against this background is told the story of the little Austrian dancer who innocently brings tragedy to the quiet, compassionate doctor. Jane Bryan plays with genuine simplicity and sincerity little Leni who gets such a bad break out of life. Flora Robson is magnificent as the doctor's neurotic wife. Excellent are Una O'Connor as the German-hating malicious maid, and Raymond Severn as the doctor's nervous, precocious, young son. It's a picture that is bound to move you considerably.

ANOTHER THIN MAN

BILL POWELL RETURNS—*M-G-M*

CLAP hands, here come those delightful people the Nick Charles' again, and never were we so glad to see anyone. William Powell, after a long absence from the screen, once more plays that charming super-sleuth Nick, and Myrna Loy is his sophisticated young wife who doesn't want to miss out on any of the fun, no matter how dangerous it is. Asta is along, of course, and does his usual scene-stealing, and this time he is aided by young William Poulsen, still in diapers, who plays the healthy offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Charles. There's a mystery to be solved, naturally, and quite a few people get knocked off before Bill, closely pursued by Myrna, gets enough clues to run down the murderer. There are grand comedy sequences, one in which Myrna finds herself having to rhumba with a passionate young Latin, and another in which Bill pretends to "pick her up" in a cheap rooming house, much to the delight of a raucous landlady who's never seen such a fast worker. The mystery is indeed a mystery. Adding to the complications are Sheldon Leonard, Virginia Grey, Ruth Hussey, Muriel Hutchinson, Harry Bellaver and Abner Biberman. Marjorie Main is excellent as a landlady. Otto Kruger plays the assistant district attorney, Nat Pendleton the dim-witted detective, and it's poor C. Aubrey Smith who gets murdered.

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